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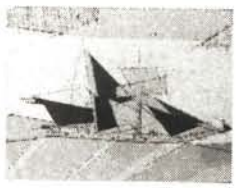

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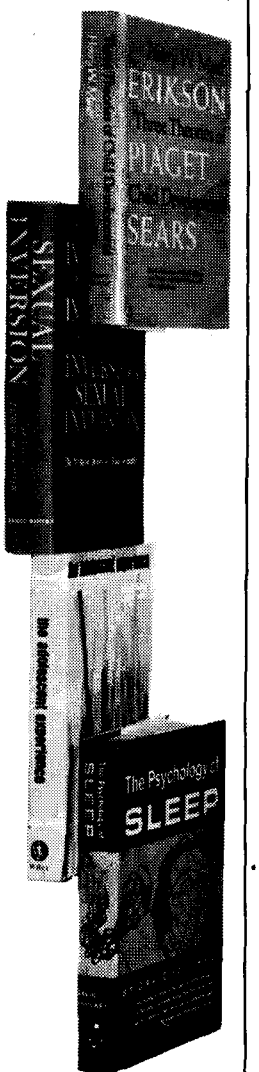

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Down the Drain?

★ Congress starts here this week. We sense the big domestic issue is an effort to stint the poor because of Vietnam. The debate may run the life of the 90th Congress.

A year ago in his speech to Congress, President Johnson said, "There are men who cry out: we must sacrifice. Let us rather ask them: whom will they sacrifice?" He was eloquent. Would they sacrifice the children, he asked, the sick, the families dwelling in squalor? He promised, "We will not heed those who [seek to wring sacrifices] from the hopes of the unfortunate in a land of plenty."

Vietnam is costing plenty, God knows. But the simple economic fact is, as Mr. Johnson said last year, we can afford both. "This nation is mighty enough," as he put it.

But that was 12 months ago, conservatives will argue. Conditions have changed since. Not according to McGeorge Bundy, head of the multimillion dollar Ford Foundation, testifying last month to the Ribicoff committee: "I believe that this nation can meet its great obligations abroad," he said, "without any slackening of the national effort to bring an end to poverty and prejudice and to open to all our citizens the full opportunities of a truly modern urban society." If new taxes are needed to continue the war on poverty, Mr. Bundy added, so be it. We can afford both.

It is funny that people say we can't quit in Vietnam because of national honor, but that we can sacrifice the poor almost any time without affecting national honor. This national honor is a strange thing; it is a theological concept and only a high priest can explicate it. We are not overly hopeful today about the war on poverty; there comes a point where Congress and the public say, enough is enough, and down the drain go the unfortunate. We have seen it happen again and again in recent years, always of course with genuine regret. We must balance the budget first, said kind-hearted Eisenhower. Later it was: we can't extend social welfare (sigh) because of the balance of payments. How sad! And now it is the new absolute: Vietnam.

We remember Mr. Johnson's State of the Union speech a year ago. It was given at 9 p.m. to catch the West Coast audience live, and it was the first time color TV was used, and the audience applauded 66 times. There was some good stuff in it, too; he asked Congress, for example, to help expand trade with Moscow and advocated "building bridges to Eastern Europe."

Well, precious few bridges have been built. Ratification of the treaty to extend consular services with Russia still dangles in the Senate, and the old, vicious 1930 Smoot-Hawley tariff rates apply to USSR imports and to most communist nations, except Poland and Yugoslavia. You have forgotten the Smoot-Hawley tariffs? Well, they were the highest in history, signed by the befuddled and doomed Hoover in the midst of the Great Depression and bringing, within two years, retaliatory tariffs from 25 countries to further strangle our already choking trade.

Always Vietnam

★ They still control our trade with Moscow. Other nations get lower duties, you see, under the so-called most-favored-nation plan. By this we agree to knock holes in the tariff wall to reciprocating countries to the degree that we lower the wall to any one of them.

"I will ask the Congress," Mr. Johnson said last year, "for authority to remove the special tariff restrictions which are a barrier to increasing trade between East and West." He asked it but didn't push it in Congress because of Vietnam.

Always Vietnam. If ever America was fortunate diplomatically it is in Moscow's split with Peking; if ever there was strategic reason for a great power to reduce differences it is now for the US with USSR. Mr. Johnson senses it. And Moscow almost in spite of itself edges to the west.

How do you achieve a détente, with Vietnam? Shooting down MIG-21's last week was the kind of thing likely to draw Moscow in deeper. Its honor is involved, too. At some point the MIG's may have Russian pilots.

Baloney

★ As the new Congress assembles we feel the Republicans are overdoing their optimism act. Things are good but not that good. This idea that a man as contumacious and ornery as LBJ won't run in 1968 because he is frightened is, if you will pardon us, baloney. Mr. Johnson may not be a pin-up type but he is as rugged and tough as they come. Columnists talk about the GOP's "wealth" of presidential candidates; well, the people who believe that believe in UFO's. Are you shouting "hurrah" for Romney? Are you throwing your hat up for Nixon? Democrats lost 47 House seats in the election. People with scorecards of past mid-term elections predicted something like that. The result was about par for the course.

Of course, there is more to it than that. We sense a perceptible veering of public opinion to the conservative side. It was mournfully visible when the 89th Congress killed the civil rights bill. It is true, also, that Mr. Johnson is not the man to set pulses pounding, and he is saddled with one of the most unpopular wars in our history. But we see no Republican alternative to the war. To date, at any rate, the GOP is pretty negative in most respects. We look forward with curiosity to the Dirksen-Ford "State of the Union" message which they promise.

Jack Ruby died in Dallas of cancer which the local authorities diagnosed as influenza. Rules were so lax that a tape recorder was smuggled into his hospital room. What a city – the assassination, the police chaos; the presence of Ruby in the photographers' line; the farcical trial set aside by higher court – it is all of a piece. H. L. Hunt, we read, is moving his *Life Line* headquarters from Washington down to Dallas. The right place for it.

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Preaching to the Hungry

Throughout 1966 this country shipped food to India, under the food aid program, at the rate of 700,000 tons a month, and in February and March we'll deliver about 900,000 tons. Meanwhile the Canadians and Australians have promised India 300,000 tons almost immediately, with more to follow, and Russia has offered about 200,000 tons. In spite of all this aid, there are likely to be starvation deaths in Bihar in northeast India, and perhaps in Uttar Pradesh as well, because of severe drought. In a communication to this journal, two American teachers in India under the Fulbright program, Michael A. McConnell and Stephen F. Minkin, described the grim conditions they found in the drought-affected areas they visited. Prices of food – and margins of profit – have soared, they say, and corruption and incompetence of low-level bureaucrats add to the sufferings of the people, some of whom have been living (and dying) on a diet of berries, roots and bark. An old blind woman had to walk 15 miles to fill out government forms, before she could receive food or other aid. South Indian states that have food stocks won't part with them lest drought hit them next. The Bihar state government, with a thoughtful eye on India's February elections, has been tardy about organizing relief, because "aid that comes in January will win more votes." Bureaucracy is bad, but so is private greed. People were set to work by the government, digging holes to catch water if it should rain. The laborers, who are starving, are supposed to be paid about half a rupee a day; rice costs two rupees a kilo. But the government farmed the project out to a local contractor, who pays each laborer less than half a rupee a day, presumably pocketing the difference.

The man who is doing most to fight famine in Bihar is the former socialist, Jayaprakash Narayan, once one of the most powerful politicians in India, but who renounced party politics years ago to devote himself to the peasants. He is setting up food kitchens and distributing medicine and clothing in the hope of saving at least some of the starving; nevertheless, it is expected that more than just a few thousand will die; for them, aid in January is going to be aid that came too late. Washington probably could not have done much more than it has done to save India and other countries from famine; there has been no break yet in continuity of food shipments to India, which in 1966 got a quarter of the entire US wheat crop. In 24 months US wheat stocks have shrunk from 24 million tons to 11 million tons, only a year's normal reserve. That's why the new Food for Peace Act

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talks about planned American production of food for export (and, after 1971, for dollars) instead of disposing of US food surpluses, which no longer exist. Yet the administration's handling of India has been clumsy, and so is the new food aid legislation.

Our food agreement with India expired December 31; a new agreement presumably will be signed some time this year and will have to conform to the new terms for aid established in the 1966 Food for Peace legislation. President Johnson hesitated publicly and long to accede to India's request for an interim agreement to bridge the gap. The US hoped thus to pressure other countries into sharing the burden of feeding starving Indians. Those who thought up this brilliant strategy may point to the Russian, Australian and Canadian food offers as proof that it worked, but is this what President Johnson meant when he declared last year, "I propose that the United States lead the world in a war against hunger"?

The new food aid program is aimed at prodding developing countries to grow more for themselves. The legislation says that countries getting our food aid must show they are taking steps to speed up production of food and to improve their storage and marketing facilities. "Each agreement entered into under the title shall describe the program which the recipient country is undertaking . . . and shall provide for termination of such agreement whenever the President finds that such program is not being adequately developed." Obviously, Congress and the administration feel the time has come to get tough with the food-short countries, and they can point in justification to some alarming storm signals. Even when harvests are normal and there are no droughts, population growth in such countries is double the rate of food production; the world population is growing at the rate of a new United States every three years.

But Congress, in drawing up the new food aid legislation, was not content to admonish hungry countries to grow more food, and perhaps strive to be less prolific. It commanded them to praise their benefactor and glorify private enterprise, like a Victorian moralist preaching sanctimoniously to the indigent. "Food commodities sold for foreign currencies under title one of this Act shall be marked or identified at point of distribution or sale as being provided on a concessional basis to the recipient government through the generosity of the people of the United States." Before entering into agreements with hungry countries, the President is required by the legislation to consider the extent to which they are "creating a favorable environment for private enterprise and investment, both domestic and foreign," and are developing fertilizer, farm machinery, transport "and other necessary industries through private enterprise." Unfortunately, "private enterprise" can mean very different things in different places. Indians find it hard to understand why this country keeps forcing on them a creed which in India may mean heartless food profiteering, fantastic rates of usury, and ruthless exploitation of starving laborers.

The new Food for Peace legislation makes still other demands on hungry nations. They are expected to produce "needed food rather than . . . nonfood crops in world surplus"; which sounds all right, until the thought occurs that India is a big cotton grower, and so are we, and the cotton lobby had a hand in this legislation. Naturally, no hungry country can expect food aid from the United States that trades with North Vietnam or whose ships call at Cuban ports.

The food aid program is a muddle of mixed motives. Congress wants to use food to fight communism and foster private enterprise, yet we are glad when Soviet Russia joins us in feeding India. The legislation talks of planning American food production for export; yet American farmers say they are unsure about how they can best help to feed an increasingly hungry, but mostly dollarless world. The cotton lobby and the fertilizer lobby play on the legislature as on a harp.

The aid the US gives is generous. This country is doing more to fight world hunger than any other nation or combination of nations. From 1955 through 1966, we supplied hungry countries with 165 million tons of farm produce, worth over $15.5 billion. Most of it for all practical purposes was for free. But Congress compromises its benevolence by demanding public displays of gratitude from the recipients. Certainly the US ought to do all in its power to aid and cajole countries that are short of food to grow more of it themselves as well as be less prolific. But what's that got to do with shipping goods to Cuba? Or lecturing India on privately produced fertilizer?

The 1966 Food for Peace legislation adds 14 members to the committee advising the President on the Act's administration; they include the Secretary of State and of the Treasury. Senator McGovern, a former director of Food for Peace, suggests putting the Vice President in charge of the food aid program. The strong leadership that is called for will surely not come from an interagency committee such as the Bureau of the Budget proposes. World Bank President George D. Woods thinks the US and other industrialized countries should now "make a joint and thorough examination of what they are trying to achieve in their relationships with the developing world." His idea is sound. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman says that meeting the problem of world hunger "is an international responsibility and not just that of the United States." He's right, too, but in doing for others what our enormous resources dictate, we and the poorer nations could do with less smugness, less ideology.

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The New Congress

From the standpoint of congressional structure, the big event of the 1966 elections was the defeat of Howard W. Smith, Democratic representative from Virginia since 1931 and for a decade chairman of the House Rules Committee, through which all bills must pass before reaching the floor. Under Smith, this sieve had a very fine mesh. With the reliable support of Congressman W. M. Colmer of Mississippi, who ranked next to him in committee seniority, and a few like-minded others, Mr. Smith had the votes to unite with the representatives of the Republican opposition and kill or emasculate whatever he found distasteful.

His committee had no fixed procedure, not even a fixed meeting day. It assembled at the chairman's call. He lived within easy driving distance of Washington. He readily could, and often did, disappear into inscrutable unreachability. Conversely, he could suddenly call up a bill he wished to see defeated for a vote on the House floor on a Friday afternoon, when a number of Northern Democrats were home visiting.

Not only in his committee but in the Congress at large, Mr. Smith was chief architect of the GOP-Dixiecrat coalition which for years ruled the legislative branch. The conservative partnership was disturbed only infrequently by a Democratic landslide. Because chairmen of congressional committees rise to their positions on the basis of seniority, and because the one-party system of the South has facilitated long tenure in office, at least 10 of the 16 standing committees in both Houses have been chaired by members from one of the 13 states that arc between Virginia and Oklahoma. The chairman of a committee is largely a law unto himself.

Mr. Smith's absence from the 90th Congress is therefore a major happening. That is why moderates returning to Washington last week regarded the House Democratic caucus of January 9 as a once-in-a-generation opportunity. Their success or failure in breaking the Rules bottleneck will become known as this issue of *The New Republic* reaches the reader.

The moderates' determination to undertake a trial of strength was fortified by realization that if the seniority principle took its normal course, Mr. Colmer would advance to the chairmanship, and for an indefinite future Rules would proceed without rules, as before. They approached the contest with three alternatives in hand. The first was to put the Speaker in the Rules chair, by adding to the committee the top leadership of both parties. Mr. Colmer would become vice chairman. Since no Republican vacancy exists, this change would require enlarging the committee from 15 to 17, and this in turn would require approval by the House as a whole. The advantage to the Republicans in this arrangement was an opportunity to present policy alternatives at a crucial point in the legislative process. But Mr. Gerald Ford, the Minority Leader, did not view it in this light. The first version of this alternative was therefore altered in favor of a plan that would not require House action: the size of the committee would be left unaltered; the Speaker could be made chairman after his appointment to one of the two Democratic vacancies (James W. Trimble of Arkansas was defeated last year as well as Mr. Smith).

But Speaker McCormack was reluctant, apparently fearing to be Cannonized. (House antagonism to the excessive power wielded by Speaker-czar Uncle Joe Cannon in the first decade of this century still lingers, though his power derived from his appointment of all committee chairmen far more than from his chairmanship of Rules.)

A second alternative was to appoint Majority Leader Carl Albert to the chairmanship of Rules. Mr. Albert's recent heart attack has given concern, but it is arguable that as head of Rules his duties would be less onerous, since he would not have to expend energy, hat in hand, on this committee, and his liaison with other committee chairmen would be improved. And by filling the other Democratic vacancy on Rules with an associate congenial to him, the caucus could further lighten Albert's load.

The third, very mild, alternative was to accept Mr. Colmer as chairman (few congressmen like to trifle with the seniority principle), work to secure the appointment of two moderate Democrats at the bottom of the committee's totem pole, and insist on the adoption of a set of rules by the committee.

From his nearby place of retirement, Howard Smith has been quietly devoting to the advancement of Mr. Colmer the same energy that he expended to produce the Republican victory that last November eliminated the Democrat who defeated Smith in the primary.

A second opening-of-Congress decision concerns Ways and Means and Appropriations committees of the House. Here the 1966 Democratic losses will be painfully felt. (The division in 1967 is 57 percent Democratic to 43 percent Republican, as against a 68-to-32-percent ratio after the exceptional Democratic victory in 1964.) These two committees are especially important because this is a year when the main fights will be over money – the funding of laws authorized but left with token appropriations last year – rent subsidies, model cities, teacher corps, and such annually renewable programs as antipoverty legislation or foreign aid.

Most committees of Congress are altered at the opening of a new session to reflect the ratio of overall party strengths, but for a number of years before 1965, originally at Republican initiative, Rules, Ways

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and Means, and Appropriations had by consent been kept at a 60-40 ratio, irrespective of party strength. Last time around though, Speaker McCormack insisted that they also reflect fully the Democrats' new power. The Democrats of 1967 have, therefore, to be prepared for a Republican demand for continued application of their own policy.

On the Senate side, too, a political power struggle has been underway. For reasons of health, George A. Smathers had relinquished his post as Secretary of the Majority, thereby requiring a new election. Early starters in the race were Virginia's Senator Harry Flood Byrd Jr., now beginning his first elected term; Joseph Clark from Pennsylvania; and Fred R. Harris, Senator from Oklahoma since 1965. Some observers thought Senator Clark's confidence that he had the necessary votes was founded on assurances obtained from other likely candidates – Senators Muskie and Hart for instance – that they would not run if he did, rather than on promises to vote for Clark if he ran.

On both sides of Capitol Hill, the Republican-Southern Democrat alignment is sure to manifest itself again this year, for on both wars, Vietnam and poverty, they see eye to eye – more of the former and less of the latter. But back home things are changing, and the old coalition may be changing too. In the previous Congress, the 13 Southern states had 100 Democrats and 19 Republicans; this time, the figures are 91 and 28 (one of these has been legally contested). In 10 of the 13 states, either one or two new Republican candidates for the House won, often at the expense of Democrats with considerable seniority and committee status; for instance, Trimble of Arkansas (Rules), Cooley of North Carolina (Chairman, Agriculture), Jennings of Virginia (Ways and Means). And this Republican gain took place in spite of the fact that of the seven Republicans who rode in on Goldwater's Southern tide two years ago, three resigned their seats to try for governor or senator and were replaced by Democrats, and one was defeated by a Democrat. Howard H. Calloway, one of the three who resigned, may yet be successful in the Georgia gubernatorial contest; in Arkansas, Florida and Oklahoma, a Republican governor was definitely chosen on November 8.

Strom Thurmond (R, S.C.) was returned, as was Republican John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky. Howard Baker of Knoxville, son-in-law of Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen and brother-in-law of the new Republican congressman from Virginia's neighboring Ninth District, was elected in Tennessee. Such solid evidence of a two-party system in their home states gives pause to Dixiecrats who have been in the habit of running in tandem with Republicans.

Likewise, on issues themselves, new conditions at home may discourage too open a display of the old coalition cosiness. In the 11 states east of Texas, registration among white voters is estimated at some 14.4-million, while Negro registration has risen from 1.5-million in 1962 to about 2.7 million now. In state after state, Negro voters can now give a candidate the winning difference: in 1966, Winthrop Rockefeller's gubernatorial victory in Arkansas and Ernest F. Hollings' gubernatorial victory in South Carolina almost certainly reflected this margin. Though Negro apathy in Memphis probably caused the defeat of the liberal Democratic freshman, George W. Grider, returns in predominantly Negro precincts elsewhere suggest that other congressmen received important help. Virginia's recent double senatorial election was illustrative. Harry Flood Byrd Jr., in spite of his name and the sympathy vote induced by the death of his long-venerated father, did far less well than the more progressive William B. Spong Jr., who succeeded to Senator Robertson's seat.

Moreover, the Dirksen Republicans may in 1967 provide a less conservative image with which to coalesce. The Percy-Brooke-Hatfield-Case-Javits Republican Party, backed in the states by Governors Romney, Chafee, Evans, Volpe, Shafer, McCall, Cargo, Agnew and both Rockefellers, is not the party of Barry Goldwater. Therein lies a threat to the Democrats – and a promise of some more up-to-date contribution to the country from the GOP.

Games Johnson Plays

Deeper and Deeper into The Credibility Gap

Austin, Texas

Bill Moyers is leaving the White House feeling that the credibility gap is wider and deeper than ever. He is said to have remarked that the problem of presidential veracity is more intense now than when he took over as press secretary 18 months ago, and that only one man, Lyndon Johnson, can do anything about it.

White House reporters agree. Their relationship with the President has settled into weary cynicism. When deputy press secretary Robert H. Fleming said there was no indication that an announcement about the proposed supersonic transport (SST) plane would be forthcoming over the New Year's weekend, reporters started boning up on background information. The news that Boeing's design for the SST airframe had been selected came exactly one day after Fleming's statement. And just as the Federal Aviation Agency

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was releasing the announcement in Washington, the President himself was telling a press conference, "we don't have any definite date" for the SST decision.

In a final effort to do something about a situation that has the Republicans gleefully anticipating a good campaign issue, Moyers recommended to the President that he "open up" the White House by designating three other aides – Joseph Califano, Douglass Cater and Harry McPherson – to be available to reporters for informal background conversations. These sessions were one of Moyers' chief techniques in trying to paper over the breach between Mr. Johnson and the press; in them he spoke with amiable candor about his boss's shortcomings but managed to put a good face on the President's actions.

Califano, Cater and McPherson are men of ability. They can be of some help in press relations if Mr. Johnson will let them. But none of them has the special relationship with the Chief Executive that Moyers enjoyed, nor his leeway, nor his access to the whole range of domestic and foreign policy. Until now they have been specialists, and, paradoxically, the more specialized government becomes, the more important it is that the President's chief spokesman be an ardent, well-informed generalist. This was one of the qualities that made Moyers so valuable to Mr. Johnson.

The prospect, therefore, is that the credibility gap will get worse as hawks and doves wrestle for the President's allegiance, as Mr. Johnson juggles his budget, and as the 1968 election approaches.

If credibility is inescapably Mr. Johnson's problem, what does he plan to do about it? The circumstantial evidence is, nothing. To succeed Moyers as press secretary, he has appointed George Christian, a bland import from the Italianate political world of Gov. John Connally, where as little as possible is done in the open. Christian simply denies that there is such a thing as a credibility problem; to him it is a journalistic gimmick. Some White House reporters believe that he may emerge as a strong press secretary; the reports that filter osmotically through the White House west wing say that he is willing to stand up to Mr. Johnson, and that unlike some of his predecessors, he may not be bullyragged into ineffectualness. Up until his hospitalization in late December for spinal disc surgery, however, his daily briefings were in the bland tradition – no information, no comment, no guts.

Meanwhile, the crisis of confidence, as UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg has called it, continues to cloud the administration's official motives and the President's personal reputation. In a recent instance, Goldberg and Secretary of Defense McNamara prevailed upon Mr. Johnson to approve a letter to Secretary General U Thant urging him to "take whatever steps you consider necessary" to bring about negotiations for a Vietnam cease-fire. This apparently did not please the chief hawk, Secretary Rusk. A few hours after the letter was delivered, a high State Department official held a background briefing to deny that it represented the start of a new peace offensive or any change in policy.

The President himself is back at the same stand. To reporters keeping vigil in Austin, the word was passed last month by one of those ubiquitous "high administration sources" that the new federal budget would be $135 billion to $140 billion. Later, in a remarkable performance, Mr. Johnson quoted this "reliable authority" at a year-end press conference to indicate, without committing himself, that spending would be in that range. But memory is the curse of the writing class; reporters recalled the great budget hoax of 1964, when the President protested mournfully that it would be practically impossible to keep spending under $100-billion, then sandbagged them with a $97.7 billion total. Most correspondents expect Mr. Johnson to pull off another of his prearranged budget "miracles" this year. They consider a $140-billion budget about as probable as de Gaulle embracing world federalism.

To some extent, the credibility gap results from inevitable government confusion. Fleming's statement on the supersonic transport seems to have been a case of honest ignorance. The same cannot be said for Mr. Johnson, however. The White House says he was talking about *funding* the SST when he said no decision had been reached, and the President's wording bears this out. But the President reads the newspapers – he knew that "decision" in the public mind meant a choice between the designs of Boeing and Lockheed. He did not want to make the announcement himself; he was trying to dissociate himself from a politically tough decision, and the result was some remarkably tricky language. This is a form of deception that he has practiced before, notably in escalating the Vietnam war while pretending not to.

The dissident governors who trooped to the LBJ ranch in December were worried as much about the impact of the credibility problem on the Democratic Party as its consequences for Mr. Johnson personally. They were fretting over a Gallup Poll showing that only 44 percent of the voters now list themselves as Democrats – the lowest percentage in 26 years. But when the governors warned the President that his image was partly responsible, they got little satisfaction. "I was born the way I am," he replied. "I can't do anything about it." One participant reported that Mr. Johnson would not admit that his public image was at fault: "He just doesn't believe it or doesn't want to believe it."

JAMES DEAKIN

MR. DEAKIN *is a political reporter for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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How Generalissimo Franco Got His Consensus

Mijas, Malaga

Almost 20 million Spaniards went to the polls last month, the majority of them for the first time since 1947, when a similar referendum made Spain a legal monarchy. The elections were free; there was little direct coercion. Why did 93 percent of the voters give their approval to a dictator who offered them no more than a crumb?

In the Andalusian village of Mijas, the government's campaign for the referendum – a complex of new laws that will only slightly liberalize Spanish life – began on the first of December when a small group of men went through the village, plastering up posters over the doors of every place of business. All made by the same hand, the posters bore the name of the establishment and a slogan, such as *Bar Gonzales Vota Si* or *Carniceria Jesus Vota por la Paz*, or *Si a Franco*.

The men putting up the posters were led by the secretary of the local syndicate, or workers' union. He had a man with a ladder, two pasters and two local policemen. Each bar or business received its very own poster. It was all friendly. No one refused his poster.

Mijas, which crawls around a mountainside 1,500 feet above the *Costa del Sol*, is representative of rural Spain in many ways. It is neither very poor nor very rich, although its 8,000 citizens (3,000 in the pueblo itself and 5,000 in the surrounding country) are sharing in the benefits of Spain's tourist boom by virtue of their picturesque location and proximity to the coast. Spain's only political party, the Falange, is reasonably strong in Mijas.

Franco announced the referendum, over television, on November 22, but the Mijeños showed only the most casual interest until the signs started to go up. Then discussion began in the 15 bars of Mijas. Spanish bars are not saloons; they are clubs, retreats, the focus of public life, where a man goes before dinner and immediately after it.

I walked into a bar where several farmers and workmen were having coffee. "Well, are you going to vote *si* or *no*?" They looked at the ceiling and all around, then said slowly, "Well . . . I have to think about it." We laughed and had a drink. Later, after they did think about it, they began to realize that there was the possibility of choice.

For some, it was going to be quite easy. Three or four farmers shouted, "Franco is the greatest man in the world!" The owner of one bar said, "You think Franco is a good man, don't you? Isn't this a good law? I am going to vote *si*." Behind his bar was a long banner, saying, "My Customers Vote *Si*."

Among the village people Franco was the only issue. Franco, meaning Spain. There was never any discussion of the law itself. The only serious, thoughtful opposition in Mijas came from a big city man from the north, who is in this mountain village because he has bad lungs. He fled Spain after the civil war. His children are still in France, but he has been permitted to die in his own country.

He said: "This is not a real vote. There is no opposition. If you wish to vote 'no' you are voting for nothing. Where is the chance to vote for a republic, or any other form of government? Now Franco decides everything. Under this law, he even decides who will come after him. Then there will be perhaps a dozen men at the top who will decide everything, just as before. It is the same junta."

As the days went by, the propaganda campaign picked up steam, with daily front-page stories and pictures, saying "Subsecretary Solis Explains Why Law Is Best for Spain," and "Two-Thousand Miners Declare for Franco." Before and after every television program, commercials touted Franco and peace. Coincidentally, Franco passed his 74th hearty, peaceful birthday 10 days before the election – and Christmas was just around the corner.

The straight propaganda was often accompanied by stories of Spain's effort to enter the Common Market, and accounts of appreciation for the new, liberalized constitution in other nations, all indicating Spain's growing involvement, under Franco, in the international community. And, of course, all Spaniards must stand shoulder to shoulder over Gibraltar. All in all, it was no time for rocking the boat – especially since there was only one alternative to Franco's law: civil war. This thread ran through newspaper stories and propaganda alike: the blood shed in the war shall not have been in vain, Spain must preserve the peace by moving slowly and cautiously.

The largest poster in Mijas, placed on the side of the whitewashed church in the main plaza, said, "Franco Gave You Peace. Now He Guarantees the Future. Vote *Si*." Remembrance of the war is still strong in any Spaniard over 40. The fear is real. As for the young, they are little interested in politics as such, largely because they never had a chance to be. And if they were, the Falange is the only recruiter.

And the women, who were voting now for the first time, wanted peace above all. One poster read: "Women of Mijas, Your Children Are Too Young To Vote, So You Must Vote *Si*." Younger women were flattered at being asked to vote at all. More than half the voters were women.

Discussions in Mijas bars at first included the possibility of a "no" vote. What would happen, they won-

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dered, if we all voted no? Well, Franco would issue a new law, similar, and then they would vote again. But nothing would be changed by it. A few talked briefly of casting a blank ballot, in protest. Abstention, all agreed, was the real weapon of "those others" who were serious opponents of Franco. Not once, ever, did any man identify *himself* as opposed to Franco.

But only the fiercest would abstain. (Yet one million did.) For if you did not vote, you did not get your certificate stamped. Without it, the government can harass you in a hundred ways, especially if you are in business. It even extends to little things. "If I do not have my certificate," said a waiter, "and I go into Malaga to get a permit for my shotgun, I will never get the permit."

All these topics gradually passed out of the bar talk, and, from the early reaction of "I have to think about it," things got down to the nitty-gritty of rationalization. Everybody was going to vote yes. But Spaniards are proud, so they had to convince themselves that Franco was best.

The Spaniard's lot is slowly improving, and to him it looks as if Franco is responsible. Rather, he is never allowed to think anything else. A foreigner suggested that Germany and Italy, under freer governments, had recovered from their war much faster than Spain had from hers. It was as if nobody had even heard.

Time and again, people said, "In the forties, we worked very hard and still we did not have enough to eat. Now we work hard, and although we do not become rich, we can eat." Yet they vaguely realize, if only from sons who have gone to get rich at Dutch and German wages, that Spain lags years behind the rest of Europe. A worker who makes more than $20 a week is rare. While housing is cheap in the country, food prices are surprisingly close to those in the United States. A policeman in Mijas makes about $100 a month, a skilled bank clerk a little less. So nearly all Spaniards have either two jobs, or a little piece of land in the country. All they know is that they are better off now than they were before.

And so they went to the polls, queuing up in a fiesta mood under blue Andalusian skies. The women were dressed in their finest, and, voting for the first time, they produced some touching incidents. It was reported that some women were reaching into their purses as they approached the voting urn because they heard the officials calling out registration numbers. "Eleven-twenty-two," one would say, or "Fifteen-oh-nine." And the women thought this was the "fee" to vote.

A Guardia Civil in his bicorne hat kept watch on each polling place, but there were no incidents in Mijas. The balloting itself was simple (you had only to write "si" or "no" in a box), and as secret as a ballot can be without proper voting booths. Either you had your ballot filled out ahead of time or you took it aside and wrote on it. If your neighbor or an official tried to look over your shoulder or into the glass urn, he probably could.

To an observer who sat through the propaganda barrage, it is amazing that any Spaniard voted "no." For a "no" meant quite literally that the person who cast it preferred *anything* in place of Franco. But even after 30 years of gradually easing controls, one Spaniard in 55 still said "no," and one in 20 cast a blank ballot, which amounts to the same thing.

On the morning after the voting, the main plaza of Mijas was sunny and sleepy, except for the same crew taking down the signs they had put up two weeks earlier, and the women going to the market. Outside the four polling places were tacked-up forms giving the results of the balloting, each form bearing four or five ornate signatures (all Spaniards have magnificent signatures). Of nearly 5,000 votes cast, there were two "no" votes. No one knows who cast them.

DAVID SEARL

Arms and the Soviet Union

Military intelligence reports that Russian cities are being equipped with anti-missile defenses at great cost pose a hard choice. President Johnson may decide to spend hundreds of millions of dollars on less than full-scale installation of anti-missile defenses for US cities, but Republicans in Congress, led by Representative Gerald Ford of Michigan, want the administration to spend $35 billion, spread over six or seven years, to catch up with the Soviet Union. The following article by the Soviet affairs specialist of The Guardian *[London] analyzes the Russian view.* – THE EDITORS

The victory of the "military" faction in the Soviet leadership, evident in the massive increase in the defense budget for this year, has coincided with signs of real concern in the US that the Russians might soon be able to deploy an anti-ballistic missile system (ABM). The fear of this is real enough to have caused

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the US to seek discussions on an ABM moratorium with Russia. Yet the American understanding of the political forces at work in the Kremlin is so limited that this commendable proposal has been made in a context which might well ensure its rejection.

In preparing the ground for the approach to Moscow, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has revealed that US estimates of the Soviet missile build-up had been wrong. McNamara was speaking only of Russia's intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) arsenal which, on present evidence, will be greater by the middle of 1968 than was predicted by the US intelligence estimate a year ago. However, the same estimate predicted almost exactly – to within five or 10 missiles – the number of ICBM's Russia has today. And at present, the US has three to four times as many ICBM's as the Soviet Union, and is determined, according to McNamara, to "maintain its superiority."

The US has today as many ICBM's as these latest estimates predict for the Soviet Union several years hence, and even if the estimates for 1968 prove accurate, the US will continue to have a substantial superiority "without taking any actions beyond those already planned." But it is precisely this massive US superiority that has caused the Russians to seek an ABM defense, and has helped to defeat the "economic" faction in the Soviet leadership, which has fought to limit the expenditure on defense in general, and on ABM in particular.

McNamara has often argued that this 4:1 ratio is not designed for aggressive purposes, but is calculated to provide the strength necessary to assure the Russians that they could not get away with an attack on the US. His argument makes good strategic sense, but the Russians can hardly be blamed if they don't see it in quite the same innocent light as McNamara does.

When the late President Kennedy, during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, compelled Premier Khrushchev to climb down by the threat of nuclear retaliation, he proved to the Soviet leaders that their military strength was not sufficient to enable them to stand up to the US. Khrushchev's resistance to the pressure from his colleagues for greater defense allocations led to his removal in 1964, but, because the evidence of this struggle was hidden between the lines of the Soviet press, it was not generally accepted in the West. The reduction in the Soviet defense budget announced soon after his removal was taken as conclusive proof that the pressure for better defenses had played no part in the quarrel.

However, figures just released in Moscow show that this "reduction" in announced military spending was accompanied by a vast and startling increase in those unexplained sections of the budget which are known to provide the bulk of the "hidden" defense funds. It was this money, spent in 1965, that is one of the reasons for McNamara's surprise. A year ago, he says, the US had no solid proof that the Soviet Union might decide to increase its ICBM deployment, but "we think they are doing that now – we think they have being doing it for the past year." They have been doing it, clearly, with the money which was allocated after Khrushchev's downfall.

But the scarcity of resources which caused Khrushchev to set his face against high military spending soon made itself felt again, and the struggle within the Soviet leadership broke out with renewed force. Once again the signs were much the same as in the earlier round, and once again they were largely ignored, for much the same reasons as before. In the meantime, the Russians had got on with reequipping their conventional forces, grossly neglected by Khrushchev, and have now come to the brink of decision on an ABM.

One of the "signals" by which the course of political struggle in the Kremlin could be judged from time to time was the importance attached by the various Soviet leaders to increasing the output of steel. Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev showed himself to be much in favor of this, while Premier Alexei Kosygin lavished great praise on the country's steel industry – in a manner calculated to suggest that it was quite big enough. Now, according to figures newly released in Moscow, the Soviet investment in the steel industry for this year is to be increased by 21 percent, which is considerably higher than in any other branch of industry. So the metal eaters have won on this point. Moreover, the chairman of the planning board has admitted to the Supreme Soviet that the steel industry's plan is "strained." Yet it has been Kosygin's theme song, ever since the fall of Khrushchev, that industrial plans should not be "strained," that economic rationality rather than the pursuit of over-ambitious output targets should be the government's chief criterion. But on the question of steel, the importance of which for defense production is being emphatically stressed by Soviet military spokesmen, including the chief of staff, Kosygin has been overruled. This is one of the many signs which show the ascendancy of the military faction in the leadership.

Other signs show that the struggle continues. But if the "economists" are to stand any chance of winning, or even of delaying some of the decisions now pending on the new military programs, so that the possibility of an ABM moratorium might be fully explored, they must find some powerful arguments with which to convince their militantly-minded colleagues. Only the US can give them these arguments – not in the form of threats that it is determined to maintain its superiority, but through assurances that it would be prepared to accept a balance of arms, and not just the absence of

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ABMs. For a Western politician to accept the view that his communist counterparts are engaged in a political struggle much like his own requires a very real effort of imagination and of intellect. So long as this understanding is missing from the shaping of Western policies toward the communist countries, toward Russia as well as China and Vietnam, as it is largely missing now, Western "initiatives" and proposals will be little better than groping in the dark.

VICTOR ZORZA

Bailing Out Duvalier

by Robert Debs Heinl Jr.

Last November 19, just when our government was halting an inept attempt by Miami-based exiles to overthrow the Haitian dictatorship (there was a second, equally inept attempt last week), the Inter-American Development Bank in Washington approved a loan of $1.3 million to Haiti's voodoo president-for-life, François Duvalier. The timing of the November loan (as well as its generous terms) could hardly have been more opportune for the borrower.

Haiti's coffee crop, its biggest source of revenue, was wiped out by hurricane *Inez*, just before harvest. Duvalier's reaction to this disaster – supertaxes in a country already skinned bare – was to assess country peasants 10 cents for each chair, table or bed. Riots exploded in St. Marc and Petite Riviere de l'Artibonite among the *marchandes*, Haiti's formidable market women. Despite the fact that these towns are ordinarily bastions of the regime, two *tonton macoute* tax collectors were killed and collections deferred. To avert a coup by the remnants of his dismembered army, Duvalier last month had to retire 23 officers, including five of the army's 15 colonels. Many took asylum in foreign embassies.

No longer can Duvalier confound foreigners (as he confounded even John F. Kennedy) by saying he has no coherent opposition, or that his fly-blown government is Haiti's only alternative to communism. (Correctly assessing this as an effective way to pressure the US, Duvalier has kept communists in his cabinet, in the university and in the press, and has done much to strengthen the Haitian party.)

Today, in the New York-based *Coalition Haitienne*, Duvalier's opponents have a group of moderate exile leaders who are increasingly well prepared, granted US help, to pick up the pieces when Duvalier cracks. The Coalition's well-informed daily broadcasts from station WRUL are the only such beamed from this country in Haiti's *lingua franca*, Creole.

At long last, therefore, Duvalier faces a viable non-communist opposition – and an empty treasury. He finds it ever harder to pay off key *tonton macoute* terrorists who are the linchpins of his power structure.

But Duvalier has been in trouble before, and the United States has rescued him.

People say we put Duvalier in power, which is not wholly true. When he was running for office in 1957 our astute ambassador, Gerald A. Drew, had serious reservations but was unable to keep an uncritical AID director from ostentatious support of the Duvalier bandwagon, a factor which very likely carried the election. In the honeymoon that lasted until 1960, the US poured some $40 million in the regime (40 percent of all American aid to Haiti since 1945), from which neither we nor the Haitian people realized much.

President Kennedy in 1962 cut off economic and military aid, thus setting the stage for a cold war which culminated in Duvalier's expulsion of our ambassador, Raymond L. Thurston. Washington retaliated by sending the Haitian ambassador home and discouraging tourism (a financial body blow). By the fall of 1963 – as today – Papa Doc was on the ropes.

November 22, 1963 (a portentous day in the reckonings of voodoo numerology) was a fateful one in Haiti's relations with the US. Duvalier, who had placed a *ouanga-à-mort* (voodoo death curse) on John F. Kennedy, openly boasts among his people that it was he who really killed Kennedy. What happened after the assassination is more susceptible to documentation.

In late 1963 Duvalier, who has had a variety of American agents (ranging from private eyes who spy on Haitian exiles to a dismissed US employee who eventually was given a four-year prison sentence as an unregistered foreign agent), took on a new man in Washington. This representative was I. Irving David-

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COLONEL HEINL, *who retired from the Marine Corps in 1964, was chief of the US naval mission to Haiti, 1958-1963.*

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son, whose clients have included Indonesia's Sukarno, Nicaragua's Somozas, and at least one Middle East arms firm. One of Mr. Davidson's principal domestic accounts is the Murchisons of Texas. Via their subsidiary, Caribbean Mills, the Murchisons have for some years monopolized all flour milling in Haiti. Another American investor in Haiti with whose name Mr. Davidson has been associated is Bobby Baker, identified as a participant in another monopoly, the Port-au-Prince meat-packing plant.

During December 1963, the State Department announced that we would again send an ambassador to Port-au-Prince, a move that had been under consideration before President Kennedy's death. The new ambassador, B. E. L. Timmons III, was kept cooling his heels for five weeks before Duvalier deigned to see him. It was months later (April 1964) before Haiti bothered to reciprocate. When Duvalier's ambassador did reach Washington, he was saluted by a White House statement that the US "looks forward to close cooperation and solidarity with the government of Haiti." By contrast, after Mr. Timmons was eventually noticed by Duvalier, the dictator made their first meeting the occasion to attack US policies and to calumniate his predecessors (two of whom Duvalier had kicked out).

Concurrently with Mr. Timmons' installation in Port-au-Prince, the Kennedy freeze on Duvalier was allowed to thaw. American tourism was again encouraged and, with active US support, the Inter-American Development Bank (in which we control 42 percent of the stock) lent Duvalier $2.6 million (a gift in all but name). Like the recent $1.3 million loan, this may not seem much but it amounted to about one-ninth of Haiti's $24 million budget that year.

In May 1964, the US Embassy failed for the first time to boycott the annual festivities commemorating Duvalier's unconstitutional self-prolongation in office. Soon afterward, our Agency for International Development announced a $4-million-loan guarantee permitting Haiti to acquire a petroleum refinery, thus eliminating one of the few remaining external pressures on Duvalier, who depends wholly on imported gasoline. (This transaction later failed, because of Duvalier's cupidity; nonetheless, AID was anxious to get him a refinery.)

Backdoor Financing

While stoutly asserting that the Kennedy aid freeze remained in force (save for a small malaria eradication program which had been allowed to stand), the Johnson administration in 1966 renewed aid to Duvalier. To camouflage this turnabout, Washington employed CARE as a disbursing and administering agency for a program called the Haitian-American Cooperative Health Organization. The State Department minimized the cost of this project at $166,000; other sources put it nearer to $750,000. We quietly conceded to Duvalier the central point on which earlier aid programs foundered – his authority to hire, fire and appoint without US concurrence, thus making our aid nothing but a pork-barrel for the dictator's hired assassins.

The money for this past November's Inter-American Development Bank loan came from the bank's Special Fund, five-sixths of whose capital is contributed by the US. Although the directors' decisions are always announced as unanimous, it is known that this nick-of-time loan was supported by the American director and by America's close friend, Brazil. Haiti will pay two-and-one-quarter percent interest, will have 30 years to liquidate, and was given a five-year grace period (more or less Papa Doc's life expectancy) during which no interest need be paid. The bank says these terms are "not unusual."

A *prima facie* if somewhat simplistic interpretation of those events would suggest that Mr. Davidson has been effective. Strangely, although he has been working like a beaver on the Duvalier account for almost three years, Mr. Davidson says he has received "not five cents" in fees or even expense money from Duvalier, an assertion which Justice Department records support. "Call it a labor of love," he told me.

When I wondered if he received any indirect compensation via his domestic Murchison account, he replied with a strong negative. Yet his diligence does suggest that in some way – fees, favors, or Texas goodwill where it might count elsewhere – Mr. Davidson finds Duvalier a worthwhile client.

While the influence of a lobbyist with Texas connections ("call me a commercial representative," Davidson says) cannot be written off, US officials have played a part, too. The State Department thinks a showdown with Haiti can be deferred, and we need Duvalier's UN and OAS votes. What with China, Southeast Asia, nuclear proliferation, de Gaulle and Castro to contend with, the prevailing view is that even a one-alarm fire in Haiti is more than we can stand. This position finds support from those who fear another US intervention in Hispaniola.

Yet the fact remains that Papa Doc is in serious trouble, and there is nobody to extricate him but the US. We can keep Duvalier there (just as we propped up Trujillo in his latter days), and maybe that is our objective. Yet this cozy relationship inevitably alienates those who must succeed him. In universities in France, Spain and Germany young Haitian radicals wait for Papa Doc's downfall. To these young intellectuals – and to increasing numbers of their elders – our support of Duvalier means only one thing: Papa Doc has all along been our man, and we will back him to the end.

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"You Can Tell 'Em, Buddy"

Bernard B. Fall Reports from Vietnam

Saigon

"Looks like Tan Son Nhut got it again," said the Navy driver, as we drove off for Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airbase – the busiest in the world, allegedly, after O'Hare Field in Chicago. The airbase, though hardly four miles from downtown Saigon, has been repeatedly hit by the Viet Cong, despite acres of barbed wire, minefields, infrared detectors, etc. In fact, the Viet Cong, in accordance with its overall change of tactics of sticking close to American units in the hope of avoiding heavy aerial bombardment, now has units in close contact with the Saigon perimeter. This compels the American forces progressively to take over the defense of the Saigon area – an initial force of three battalions, to be eventually augmented to six or even nine, is devoted to this – or to fly heavy airstrikes within easy earshot of the city, thus vividly driving home the close presence of the adversary. An ambitious operation dubbed *Hop Tac* (Cooperation) two years ago, which was to clear the provinces surrounding Saigon of all VC elements, was quietly closed down a few weeks ago, a failure. But this time, the base was not hit: just a few infiltrators had been sighted.

The military waiting room at Tan Son Nhut looks like the modern version of the Great Migrations. The US Air Force runs a comprehensive airlines system throughout the country and to several "out-country" destinations (Bangkok, the Philippines, Taiwan, Okinawa). Not only do the American military travel on duty, as couriers, on leave, as replacements and what not, but the Vietnamese have caught on to the traveling frenzy and every planeload has its fair share of Vietnamese women (presumably, or hopefully, military dependents of one sort or another), traveling with tiny babies and indescribable packages. By a military subtlety which causes American Army Corps here to be known as "field forces" (reserving the word "corps" for the Vietnamese Army), these regular military flights are not known as "flights" but as "missions." The planes flying those routes usually are Lockheeds, C-123 "Providers" or C-130 "Hercules," brutes with magnificent short-takeoff characteristics but built by Lockheed in total and utter disregard of any possible human cargo. I have flown in military planes since 1944, but I believe that the C-123's internal noise level is far beyond the pain threshold. The maximum-density seating arrangement (back to back in the middle, and facing inward on the sides, with sagging cargo nets as seat backs), combined with the dismal lighting, give the whole interior an aspect of some incredible olive-drab slum. In the 99 percent humidity of the Vietnamese air, the cooling system of the aircraft gives off a dense acrid mist. "Must be *Zyklon-B*," said the man from *Time* squeezed in next to me, referring to the gas used by the Nazis in the gas chambers. It rains steadily inside the aircraft, and from all sides at once, it seems, thanks to the speed of the plane. Here you can tell the old-timers from the new arrivals: The former have their raincoats handy; the others grimly settle down to getting soaked. A new item of equipment has appeared: black insignia of rank and service. The gold-and-silver ranks and metal badges worn only a year ago have given way to black silhouettes of their former selves, a grim homage paid to the VC snipers. This has now become a fad-in-reverse, as garrison troopers who never see combat also begin to wear the black combat insignia.

The first stop is Danang, the huge airbase in central Vietnam with what seems like miles of airplanes parked in reveted alcoves. "Out-country arrivals check with USAF Customs," says a big sign. In other words, the US Air Force, not the South Vietnamese government, exercises customs-inspection prerogatives here. If a Vietnamese official was involved at all, he was invisible. The steady downpour still beats down. Contrary to popular mythology, there are *two* rainy seasons in Vietnam: a summer one in the south of the country and the mountain areas and the other (a winter monsoon lasting until February) along the coast and in the north, where it seriously hampers US air operations. At Danang begins the zone of responsibility of the US Marines. Here also, the subtleties prevail: the Marine units were first known as the "Marine Expeditionary Force" until somebody discovered that the French troops in Indochina had been known as the *Corps Expéditionnaire*, and thus the 60,000 Marines (a two-division reinforced corps) were rebaptized as the "Marines Amphibious Force" (MAF).

Further northward, beyond Dong-Ha, lies the 17th parallel, with its no longer Demilitarized Zone (DMZ),

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BERNARD B. FALL, *whose writings have appeared frequently in this journal, is now on his sixth trip to Vietnam. The day after his departure from Artillery Plateau it was badly mortared by the Viet Cong.*

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its hapless inspection post of the Indian-Canadian-Polish International Control Commission (ICC), and more Marines. This is the realm of an all-pervasive red mud covering everything at least calf-deep. It is far colder here than in Saigon, for even in this tropical country there are marked changes of temperature with rising latitudes. A road sign along National Road No. 1 is a clear reminder how different things are up here: "Saigon – 1,138 km, Hanoi – 582 km." Dong-Ha is the base of the American forces, mostly from the 3rd Marine Division, blocking the 17th parallel. They had borne the brunt of the year's heavy fighting in Operations "Hastings" and "Prairie," against People's Army Division 324-B and paid a heavy price for blocking its penetration into South Vietnam. That is, *if* it wanted to do that; for there are some military men here who think that the whole operation of the 324-B was a bit too overt, too blatant, for what the North Vietnamese or Viet Cong would usually do. What if the division simply had carried out a diversionary maneuver, deliberately designed to draw American troops and attention away from the more important areas deep in the South? The militarization of political thinking here (all lip service to "pacification" aside) makes it only too easy to decoy everybody and everything into a wild-goose chase after troops in the hope of yet another high "kill count." Whatever the reason, 324-B took serious losses.

On the Roof

Marine headquarters in Dong-Ha is in an old French military post, with its ochre masonry walls, supplemented by American temporary barracks. "You're the guy who wants to meet all the Marines from Dallas?" says the Marine PIO (Public Information Officer). I assured him that I wasn't but that I wanted to go northward to a unit on the Demilitarized Zone for Christmas. The steady rain precluded the use even of helicopters – an interesting commentary on the foibles of airpower in this war – and the PIO suggested I try and hitch a ride with the Christmas mail truck. "But it's a hairy ride, I tell you." Before I left, I witnessed a brief ceremony in which Marines from the Reconnaissance Commandos (Recondos) were given medals. It was held in one of the French barracks which served as a chapel. In the back, vertically stacked mortar shell containers gave a striking imitation of organ pipes. The Recondos stood at attention in the darkness as the general read the citation for their work inside VC territory: "I am proud to be associated with you. . . . I know it's rough when we can't get to you as fast as we want to. . . ."

Out on the road at the checkpoint, two soggy MP's stood near a flimsy shelter covered with graffiti, one of which masterfully expressed the whole situation: "I can't relate to this environment." As flies assemble around exposed food, a handful of small Vietnamese children trooped around the checkpoint, begging. "Ho Chi Minh number 10," says a little boy in English, repeating an American-Vietnamese neologism according to which good things are "number one" and bad things scaled at 10. "Do you know where Ho Chi Minh is?" I say in Vietnamese. "No," says the child.

The mail truck. Red and yellow US mail bags. Two GI's, young, one a Negro. As we leave the checkpoint, the driver passes his rifle and ammo clips back to me. "Sir, would you mind covering my side?" It's an M-14, looking very much like its older brother, the M-1. Familiar gesture of pulling back breech, inserting the first round, learned two decades ago; of locking safety, of looking warily at jungle closing in on the road. On the right side, the other GI cradles his submachinegun on his legs propped up high on the dashboard as we pick up speed, rocking crazily on the washboard road. The roar of the engine does not entirely drown out the sound of Christmas caroling up front in the truck's cab:

Jingle bells
Mortar shells
VC in the grass
You can take your Merry Christmas
And shove it up your ass.

In the mounting darkness, we begin to climb out of the bushes and trees into a flat expanse of shrubless ground completely churned up by the tracks of tires and tank treads. The sharp outline of a tank hull mounting twin guns whizzes by.

"Home," says a voice in the truck cab. "We done made it again."

As I climb out of the truck with my pack and hand back the M-14, the voice in the truck says: "And you can tell 'em, buddy. War is shit."

This was Camp J. J. Carroll, also known as "Artillery Plateau," probably the most incredible single assemblage of groundborne firepower anywhere in the country. Commanded by the Marines, but also including Army artillery outfits, it boasts having in its inventory every ground weapon deployed in the armed forces, from infantry weapons upward to the Marine "Ontos" with its six deadly 106mm recoilless cannon, the self-propelled and brand-new 175's with their 35-foot-long tubes, and even an eight-inch gun just a shade shy of the howitzers deployed in Europe which fire atomic shells.

Sandbag bunkers and acres of barbed-wire systems (even interior positions are sealed off with barbed wire to limit any possible penetration to one position) surmounted by the menacing tubes pointing in all directions for all-around support give the whole place a weird air of *déjà-vu:* that is the way the battlefield

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must have looked in World War I, and that was what some of the French strongpoints in North Vietnam looked like 12 years ago, minus the immense firepower. A Dien Bien Phu with solid American teeth.

On a Clear Day

The briefing officer, in his soft Southern drawl, soon reveals the essential feature of Artillery Plateau: "On a clear day you can see the South China Sea on your right and the Laotian border on your left." The concentric circles on the acetate map overlay, indicating the artillery's maximum "reach" for each caliber, show what is meant – not only is much of the whole South Vietnamese border zone within their range, but the DMZ and parts of North Vietnam as well. Did they shoot into North Vietnam?

"No. That's left to the bombers of the Navy and Air Force. A strange distinction, if you ask me."

But tonight, Christmas Eve, the truce had begun, and Camp J. J. Carroll (a Marine captain killed accidentally by American tanks last summer during "Hastings") was humming with its own Christmas activities in a subdued way, further emphasized by the fog-laden rain. At the mess tent, the menu was the standard hash potatoes and hamburgers known to army messes the world over. But outside, a Marine choir sang carols – most of the voices were very boyish. A Santa Claus in full rig, ho-ho-hoing through a loudspeaker, rode by on a Mechanical Mule (a sort of Marine mini-jeep), wishing all units a Merry Christmas.

"You know," said the officer next to me, "we're going to have a helluvva time sleeping tonight without the gunfire. We fire most of our H-and-I [Harassment-and-Interdiction] missions at night and we haven't known a quiet night since we arrived here last September."

Then a single cannon shot rang out thunderously.

"Oh, that. That's nothing. Since we don't include reconnaissance among the missions prohibited by the truce, we keep firing illuminating flare shells to be sure nothing crawls around out there." The single shots would keep on ringing out at irregular intervals throughout the two nights of the truce.

On the perimeter, where the bunkers stand intermingled with the tanks, the men on watch talked more easily than usual and were more relaxed. "On other days they can get darn' trigger-happy if you don't happen to have the password ready when they challenge you," said the platoon commander of one of the posts. But they were also pensive. "Here, we tell Sundays from the other days because that's the day we take our weekly malaria pills," a lance corporal said quietly. "It's not like Christmas at all, is it?"

The soldiers had built a stage with whatever materials could be scrounged, in the forlorn hope that one of the big touring attractions would come their way for Christmas. It did not, and the letdown could be clearly felt.

"The only guy who came to see us recently was one of those big-name writers that's touring the country, and he only stayed for about a half-hour. And, boy, *he* looked like he needed a fifth real bad."

By the morning of Christmas Day, the mud had deepened by another few inches, and the walk to the latrine, in combat boots and rain poncho, was exquisite agony. In the tent there was a mail call – the mail we had brought up the evening before – and our squad was entitled to one of those parcels made up by thousands of schools throughout the country. It contained nine sets of playing cards and about all the salacious pocket books that the neighborhood had been able to come up with. The accompanying form letter, signed by the mothers of Rosemont Elementary School in Minnesota, stated: "We hope that your effort will help the cause of democracy and help stamp out Communist aggression. . . ."

Sick call in the aid station tent. An earnest young doctor is closing a deep gash over an eye. The patient lies on a narrow table covered with an Army blanket,

"I hear we're gonna march all the way to China backwards."

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his boots still on his feet, under local anesthesia, as the doctor calmly stitches away under the light of a single, bare 40-watt bulb. "If they only could see me at medical school in Richmond," he says as he strips off his gloves a few minutes later.

But beyond Artillery Plateau which, with its various units, still gives the impression of spaciousness, there are other, more nightmarish places like The Rockpile and Khé Sanh. The Rockpile is a 1,200-foot near-pyramid which, though overtowered by nearby mountains, commands a view of five valleys and cost the Marines dearly last summer when they had to dislodge determined VC machinegunners from it. Its top has enough flat space for two medium-sized dinner tables. Twenty Marines and two artillery FO's (Forward Observers) live on it for weeks at a time. Its helicopter platform is composed of a series of loose planks jutting out over a 900-foot sheer drop, and through what can only be called idiotic pride, the Marines insist on using their unwieldy H-34 choppers, whose tricycle landing gear prohibits settling down on the platform; rather than using the Army's "Hueys" whose landing skids accommodate themselves easily to it. On the day I went there, a Marine returnee nearly lost his grip as a gust of wind pushed the H-34 from its landing-hover stance. For some mad seconds the man hung on by his fingertips until the door gunner and I dragged him in by his clothes. Yet this was a "good" day, because the weather permitted the landing of a chopper.

"One of the FO's once stayed for 43 solid days on The Rockpile. By the time they picked him off, he was throwing rocks at the passing jets."

Throwing rocks is a favorite pastime on The Rockpile. Sometimes the VC crawls right past the sentries of Lima Company at the base of the mountain and throws rocks at the Marines. They, in turn, throw them back. "Finally, we threw a grenade every fifth time. *That* stopped them."

Some Other Problems

On so small an area, claustrophobia as well as boredom or the equally merciless sun or rain are real problems. The problem of what to do with the human excrement was almost insurmountable until a deep chimney was found to one of the uninhabited grottoes below. And then there are the monkeys, a thieving lot who often pilfer the meager rations. When the Marines routinely informed Lima Company below that they were going to shoot some of them, the reply came just as routinely: "Are they VC apes or friendlies?" Just before the truce, on December 22, the VC had made a determined probe against The Rockpile. It would not be the last.

Beyond The Rockpile lay Khé Sanh, another former French fort which had grown from a small Special Forces camp to a dug-in position with Marines and artillery. Sealed off from the outside world except for air transport, Khé Sanh had been isolated for five days around Christmas.

"Now *there's* real jungle," said a young artillery captain patiently awaiting a moment's clear weather to return to his outfit there. "On one patrol we had a man who had collected 80 leeches on his body. He died later from exhaustion and loss of blood. Another had a leech crawl through his penis into his bladder. Most of us are wearing prophylactics on patrol to prevent that, because it's painful as hell. How the VC can stay in there year in, year out, just beats me."

Hanoi Hannah, the North Vietnamese English-language radio announcer, recently informed the Khé Sanh garrison (naming units by name) that it would be destroyed. Recent intelligence reports show that elements of the 341st People's Army Division were on the move and that 17 elephants, possibly carrying heavy Soviet mortars, were somewhere near there in the deep jungle.

"All they need is a few days of bad weather when we cannot use our air power, and we're in real trouble."

Christmas dinner included all the trimmings, but no turkey. Bad weather had upset that part of the logistics, apparently. Short Christmas services were held here and there by the chaplains before small audiences. A group of GI's was lustily singing:

On the first hour of Christmas
The VC came at me
In one ambush
With two hand grenades
Three bugles blowing
Four flags a-flying
Five mortar rounds . . .

A few officers were discussing the war. Like the proverbial atheists who aren't supposed to be in frontline trenches, there wasn't a "hawk" among them. At 11 p.m. the message center brought a last "Merry Christmas" message from a parent unit further down along the coast. The drumming of the rain on the tents became louder as one by one the power generators closed down for the night.

At 7:15 a.m. on Monday morning, the ground started to shake as the heavy guns began to fire their first post-truce mission, unobserved H-and-I fire on targets deeply shrouded in fog, at $168 a shell.

One hour later, an enormous dull roar echoed back from the mountains to the north of us: the giant B-52 bombers from Guam had unloaded hundreds of tons of bombs on the Demilitarized Zone.

They had taken off for their mission five hours before the truce had expired.

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More on Auto Insurance

by James Ridgeway

The states have granted automobile insurance companies one price hike after another over the past five years, so that they might continue to insure the general public. But the companies are locked in a deadly competition for the relatively small number of preferred risk drivers – perhaps 30 million of the nation's 100-million drivers – and they are canceling or refusing to renew policies for growing numbers who are not in the preferred risk category and are viewed as "suspect." These are the people who are forced to buy insurance from the fly-by-night, high-risk operators who hang about the fringes of the insurance markets.

To get an idea of how difficult it is for people to buy insurance, here are a few cases that have come to members of Congress in the past few months:

In December, Nationwide Mutual Insurance Co. canceled insurance of a South Carolina man. Asked why, the company said, "Investigation reveals that your automobile coverage was terminated due to circumstances surrounding a parking ticket which your wife received recently." The woman had protested the ticket to the police, because, she said, the meter was broken. Nonetheless she paid the fine. (In this case, the best guess is that by protesting the ticket, she gave the company an opportunity to define her as an unsuitable customer.)

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co. dropped an Alexandria, Virginia, resident because of "loss history." The man was involved in one accident during the fall of 1965; the other driver was charged by the police and his insurance company had reimbursed State Farm for repairs. In addition, there had been one $6 charge against the policy for towing the car out of deep snow and two charges totaling $4 for mechanics. This man was 43, had been driving since 1938 and had never had a moving charge brought against him. Unable to see why he should be canceled, he protested to the Virginia regulatory agency, which got in touch with State Farm. State Farm then reversed itself and said it would renew the policy if the owner would drop the road-service provision. Apparently the $10 in towing and mechanics' charges constituted a "loss history" which was too much for State Farm.

"Have you ever had to turn down a request from a friend, a customer or business associate?" begins a letter to a New Jersey man from Sentry Insurance, of Syracuse, New York. "If so you know it's not an easy thing to do. Unfortunately, we too occasionally are faced with this problem – telling a policyholder that we cannot continue his insurance protection." The letter went on to announce cancellation of the man's auto insurance policy because it no longer met Sentry's "underwriting requirements." When pressed for details, Sentry replied, "All insurance companies are permitted to set certain standards of underwriting and apply these standards to the policies that they accept or renew. It is not our intention to appear arbitrary, but under certain circumstances, misunderstandings occurred where our specific reasons for retirement have been given, resulting in embarrassment to either the insured or the companies or both. For this reason we prefer to follow the general practice of insurance companies and ask that we be excused from giving the reason for cancellation."

This didn't mean anything to the New Jersey man and he further pressed the company for an explanation. This time he got a tart reply: "I am sorry that my first letter did not satisfy you. I hope I can do better this time, but unfortunately I must reiterate my comment in my previous letter concerning the confidential nature of our file." The letter went on to say there was a record of losses in 1963, and in 1965 (about $150 for repairs to the car) and a speeding violation.

"There are other factors that enter into underwriting decisions which must number in the hundreds," the Sentry letter said. "It would be impossible for me to list them all here but I am sure that you can think of a few yourself. For instance, how a car is used, where it is used, who uses the car, the age of the drivers, and many others would enter into an underwriting decision. Not all of the underwriting factors apply in any one case but when our underwriting information reveals that a particular policy does not meet with our present requirements we have no choice but to not renew the policy."

Servicemen and young veterans have a difficult time getting insurance. A veteran recently wrote the Michigan Insurance Commissioner: "I have just come home with an honorable discharge after serving four years in the Navy. I have had a driver's license since I was 16 years old. I had insurance on my car when I left for the service. A few days ago I bought a new car and immediately applied for insurance. However AAA Insurance Co., Detroit, and Michigan Mutual Auto Insurance Co. of Traverse City have refused me insurance because they class me as a bad risk. I have

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taken driver's training and have never had an accident."

"I'm 46 years of age and have worked at the same plant for better than 19 years," wrote a West Virginia car owner. "I received my driver's license two years ago and bought a car. Nationwide carried me for six months and then sent me a cancellation notice, no explanation at all. When I couldn't find out why they canceled me I secured insurance with Insurance Co. of North America. In the meantime, I bought a new '66 Dodge through a local bank. To make a long story short I've received a notice of cancellation from this company. I've never been in a wreck, never been arrested, and I do not have one point against my license. No teen-ager drives this car. I just don't understand why they can do this."

Charles W. Gambrell, South Carolina's insurance commissioner, says that rate increases in his state have not resulted in wider markets, but instead have made the cancellation problem worse. In South Carolina, insurance companies are required to disclose the "guides" agents follow in writing policies. Gambrell said 83 percent of the companies doing 65 percent of the business in the state refuse to write new business with over-age drivers, that is, drivers between 62 and 70. Sixteen percent of the companies won't do business with divorced people. The theory is that a divorced person, especially a woman, is emotionally unstable and likely to run around a good deal, thereby increasing the chances of an accident. If a divorcee did get into an accident and it wasn't her fault, no jury would believe her. So it's better not to insure divorcees at all.

Gambrell said guides for different companies doing business in the state list the following categories of poor risks, or as the trade calls them, "suspect": garbage collectors, amusement park workers, bartenders and tavern owners, bowling alley or dance hall attendants, pawn shop proprietors, watchmen, farm laborers, professional athletes, entertainers and people who live at the YMCA. Gambrell said these guides probably apply throughout much of the country and are in many instances simply veiled discrimination against Negroes.

Blackout in Appalachia

Last April, Orman Vertrees, a reporter for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, got hold of an agent guide, then in its fifteenth printing. It warned agents away from selling auto insurance to people in the "lower laboring classes," including those who worked for aircraft companies and as longshoremen. The guide told agents one could determine a good customer by looking at the children's haircuts. If the man is called "Shorty" or "Scotty," he might not be conservative enough to get auto insurance. If his wife works in a "reject qualification," for example, as a waitress, that lessens chances of getting insurance. Since then, a committee of the Washington state legislature has urged that insurance companies be made to state grounds for cancellations before issuing the policy, and then state the reasons when cancellation is made.

Narrowing the market for auto insurance can have a startling effect. Recently the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters, the rating bureau that represents the big stock insurance companies, asked for a rate increase in Kentucky. At the rate hearings called by Commissioner S. Roy Woodall Jr., testimony showed that of 1,150,000 private passenger cars registered in the state, 35 percent are uninsured. In arguing for higher rates, the National Bureau said its member companies couldn't afford to do business at current levels. The cost of claims was rising so fast, the bureau argued, that member companies were forced to reduce risks by canceling policies, some of them held by people who under more ordinary circumstances would be considered good customers.

Both the state insurance department and the Louisville Auto Club, however, claimed business was not so bad as the National Bureau made it out to be, and that insurance companies were making 7.6 percent profit, instead of the usual 5 percent. (It is interesting to note net income before tax for all stock property and casualty companies in the US rose to an estimated $1.03 billion for 1966, up from $561 million in 1965.)

As the auto insurance market got tighter in Kentucky, state officials reported finding "blackout" maps in the offices of some companies. These maps show marked areas of Louisville, mostly poor sections, where insurance is not to be sold. Moreover, state officials claim there is an effective blackout for all kinds of casualty insurance in the depressed Appalachian region.

Probably the simplest way to stop the capricious cancellation policies of the insurance industry would be for Congress to insist that cancellations be based on sizable loss experience alone. This might be accomplished by amending Senator Thomas Dodd's bill setting up a Motor Vehicle Insurance Guaranty Corp., which aims to protect insured motorists against their insurance company becoming insolvent.

In first discussing the automobile insurance business in the December 3 issue, I dealt rather sharply with accounting practices. This brought heated retorts from insurance people who felt this journal had been sucked in by ambulance-chasing lawyers of the American Trial Lawyers Association. But they must not have understood the article, for while it was an attack on the insurance industry, it was also an attack on ATLA for having backed down on a small group of lawyers who are working for reform.

Senator Magnuson's Commerce Committee hopes to

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begin an investigation into auto insurance practices later this year, and in doing so, it might well look into some other ideas for making auto insurance more equitable and less expensive. Professors Robert E. Keeton and Jeffrey O'Connell have worked out a basic protection scheme, which would have insurance handled rather like Blue Cross payments, regardless of who is at fault. This would do away with much of the lengthy legal work, speed up payment and reduce costs by 15 to 25 percent, mainly by getting the lawyers out of the picture.

Because of the strong lobby of insurance agents, it is impossible to buy group automobile insurance in the country. Group insurance has helped to reduce the cost of life and accident and health insurance. Here savings would be made by doing away with the agent network. The agent often gets 20 percent of the premium as commission. In a group of 1,000 people paying premiums of $150,000, agents would stand to make $30,000 in commission. On the group basis, however, one agent might make about 2.5 percent (the rate paid a life insurance agent for a group policy). Thus, commissions would be reduced from $30,000 to $2,500. In addition, the group would get lower rates if its members weren't involved in accidents, which would work as an incentive to safer driving.

Neither of these proposals, however, deals specifically with the main issue of a narrowing insurance market, a problem which is not likely to be solved without federal regulation of the market.

The Establishment, USA

by Helen Hill Miller

Over the past decade, a new word has entered the vocabulary of American public life, and with it, a new concept. "The establishment" recognizes the appearance of a unified national power structure. Membership and/or advancement in it has become a ranking objective in the career planning of the able American young.

Britain has had a national establishment since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The British version developed on the basis of family, and the hierarchies of church and state into whose service the younger sons of established families moved. The screening provided by Oxford and Cambridge in the form of the class earned by a student when he took his final "schools" – a first was a passport with many visas – and by the civil service through its competitive examinations, sifted out a certain number of the less able scions of established families and permitted entry by a certain number of the more able lads from families that Debrett never knew. Subsequently, the old-boy and the old-school-tie networks operated as effective placement agencies.

When the French Revolutionaries threw out the *ancien régime* based on breeding, and turned to documentary affirmation of the rights of man, they established intellect as the national organizing structure. To provide equable measurement of ability as between citizen and citizen, standardized schools, in which every class did the same thing as every other class at the same time, and standardized examinations, facilitated *la carrière ouverte aux talents.*

In its written documents, eighteenth-century America favored the French solution: the revolutionary Bills of Rights opened the blessings of liberty to all, and from the nineteenth century on, equality of opportunity has been a touchstone of the US social structure.

Yet at the same time, during the 17th and 18th centuries, little, British-type establishments were formed in the various colonial capitals. Thereafter, proper Bostonians looked out – and down – on the Common through the purpled glass of the Bullfinch houses on Beacon Hill. In New York, social eminence was divided between the deLanceys, who were Episcopalians and went to King's College (Columbia), and the Livingstons, who were Presbyterians and went to Yale. In Philadelphia, Friends Born in Meeting tolerated the many splinter groups of other Friends. Virginia's First Families complacently contemplated their broad and not yet eroded acres. Charleston's daughters bowed suitably at a St. Cecilia ball.

But in the late nineteenth century these eastern conclaves became islands nearly engulfed by the flood of immigration that flowed across the country. After the deluge, what you did rather than who you were became the national organizing principle. A new industrial-financial establishment took form in the 1890's, as Mrs. Potter Palmer queened Chicago's preparations for the

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World's Fair. General population growth inflated even the numbers of the prominent – New Yorkers produced a list of Four Hundred who could recognize Mrs. Astor's horse. (More recently, in cold blood, the number was raised to Five Hundred in anticipation of Mr. Capote's party.)

The country was shortly covered by parallel, horizontal layers of familiarity. The American Medical Association was formed in 1847, the National Education Association in 1857, the American Bankers Association in 1875, the American Bar Association in 1878, the National Association of Manufacturers in 1895.

On ladders within these structures, able young men from geographically diverse areas could become noticed, and rise. With improvements in technology, the ladders have been mechanized: ascent by escalator is now both faster and easier.

Twentieth-Century Advancements

It was the end of the first quarter of the 20th century, however, before these horizontal layers were connected vertically. This happened when Washington changed from a sleepy town on the Potomac, where the Congress held its not-too-prolonged sessions, into an active national capital. The exigencies of World War I summoned men from a newly widened range of occupations; the exigencies of the Great Depression accelerated the trend.

Existing layers of familiarity were then sliced vertically. With the creation of cross-section policy-making and administering bodies, with personnel selected to include business, labor, agriculture, and the professions, new types of contacts and new lines of advancement appeared.

As government administration began to draw from diverse sources that had hitherto ignored it as unattractive, a certain number of magnificent patrons made placement their specialty. Felix Frankfurter placed the Harvard Law School; Max Gardner specialized in Southerners. Following US entry into World War II, the War Production Board and other agencies bent on recruiting industrial talent cleared it with Sidney Weinberg.

Even pure scientists, then the most nonpolitical of animals, were integrated with government policy-makers, and though they might be superstitious about walking under, let alone up, the ladders placed in their paths by OSRD and NSF, the ladders were there, and the new men of the era after the Manhattan Project mounted high with agility.

After World War II, two institutional structures became prime recruiters of the new establishment. In government, the CIA's personnel moved readily from anonymity to prominence in parallel positions at State and Defense. Outside, but constantly looking, and often dropping in, executives of the major foundations have been observing where the action is and have become promoters of promotions in all sectors.

But it was the Kennedy Administration that systematized the nationalization of the establishment. The intensive pre-inaugural talent search, begun immediately after the election, was staffed by full-time sophisticates, and the prestige of government service in an administration with flair and style broke up the old clichés about go-by-the-book bureaucracy. Social expectations, even in industrial milieux, began to include public service along with private activities.

Membership in one of the large number of task forces set up to funnel new ideas into the White House was an exhilarating novelty; their rosters assured findings that would not duplicate long-reached conclusions of the professional establishments attached to their subject matter – a report on education, for example, would differ from the standard ticket of the educational associations.

Under President Johnson, technical devices have put the new national establishment on a push-button basis. By making John Macy both head of the federal civil service and the President's man on top political appointments in the White House, a central focus has been given the talent search. And in November 1964, LBJ authorized a computerization of this search.

Taking its code from the Census of Manufacturers' 1960 list of the positions of all kinds that exist in the country, punch cards on high talent in the automated file room now afford a selection from some 25,000 names. (New ones are added at the rate of about 10 a day; old ones are updated or removed as the result of hawk-like scanning of news-columns announcing promotions and retirements, and obits.) Five-hundred categories of skill are recognized; the roster can be electronically activated to recover individuals of given skills sorted according to their present position and title, their state, the number and fields of their degrees, whether they were born before or after a given year. The sources of names include *Who's Who*, rosters of professional societies, industrial and other directories, as well as recommendations sent in to the President by congressmen and others.

While these structures and devices have been determining the shape of the national establishment in respect to already developed talent, other new structures and devices have been furthering the identification of young potential.

The GI Bill of Rights opened sudden doors to upgrading of skills by over seven-and-three-quarter million young veterans, many of whom would have been financially unable to open a career to their talents without its aid. The National Merit Scholarship Cor-

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poration, founded in 1955, has assured the financial ability to attend college of some 1,600 young men and women annually by means of a widely advertised national competition, and, by publishing the names of its semi-finalists, enhanced the opportunities to receive scholarships of about as many more. The national basis of the selection, the high visibility that the Corporation has secured for the winners, and the fact that under the terms of the scholarship they may use the funds at the university of their choice anywhere in the country, have concentrated top talent from all over the nation and from all types of family background in a very small number of leading colleges and universities. There are in the country some 4,275 four-year accredited institutions; a study of the preferences of the young men and women who win NMSF scholarships shows almost exactly the same list of top-ranking names year after year. Among boys, the 10 most popular colleges and universities are: MIT, Harvard, Stanford, Caltech, the University of California, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, the University of Michigan. Girls' preferences: Stanford, Radcliffe, Cornell, the University of California, the University of Michigan, Wellesley, Duke, Northwestern, Columbia, Smith.

Age of Paper Records

At a time when British education is broadening its Oxbridge tolerances to admit that virtue can also be housed in red brick, American concentration of its intellectual elite has moved swiftly in the opposite direction. As a result, a small number of men at the apex of the American academic community, men who for the most part are now active placement agents not only in the hiring halls run by the professional societies at annual meeting time but in Washington's corridors of power, have a collective opportunity to look over the best of the entire new crop by simply consulting their class registers.

This enhancement in recognition, though it has the advantage of rendering compassable the placement as well as the selection of a cross-section intellectual elite, has its dangers. A truth-in-packaging bill is perhaps needed in the intellectual marketplace: nationalization of the educational establishment puts on intellectual products the kind of approval available to industrial goods sold under national brand names. The young person who bears an attested nationally known label gets many more first refusals than the certified output of a less-well-known source.

This is an age of paper records; in so large a population it would be very difficult to start the selection process otherwise. But it makes counselors daily stress to students they interview that the records they make now will follow them all the days of their lives, and they do. The student who is bright, works hard, and makes no mistake from the time he or she enters high school is bound to have an impressive record.

Recently, an interviewer from a major corporation, visiting an Ivy League campus, was at pains to make clear to the dean his intention of drawing only on the top 10 percent of the class. For the XYZ Corporation, nothing less would do. Later in the day, the dean casually inquired as to his visitor's own class rank. "Well, actually," came the reluctant reply, "I was in the bottom half of my class . . . but there were special circumstances, and that was a long time ago."

If mathematical probability continues to give the top 10 percenters an automatic Head Start, will a future talent search have to be instituted under the name of Bottoms Up?

An interesting differentiation is appearing between the criteria of choices among able young people made by eminent hard scientists and by those eminent in such fields as industry, finance and government. As younger colleagues, the hard scientists want brilliant thinkers and investigators. A student's other qualifications are irrelevant. If he is uncouth, well, he is uncouth, but this characteristic has little to do with his performance in the laboratory.

Other areas of the establishment react quite otherwise: couthness may not come before content, but in social fields content is hard to measure accurately, and most of the new jobs have representational aspects. Among the eminent, a physical scientist can well afford to be known as a crusty old codger, but not so an executive vice president, a foundation director, or even the college president who presides over the codger. A recent study of scholarship recipients indicated that among girls whose rated ability was equal, the fat ones appeared to receive awards less often than those who were observed to walk, not waddle.

All establishments have problems. When deprived of its "lost generation" by the slaughter of World War I, the British establishment paid the price of drawing its leadership from too narrow a base. Present enlargement of the British effort to teach their children how to speak is causing the pangs of integration described in depth in *My Fair Lady*.

Over the decades, Republican France interpolated into its standardized approach to intellectual excellence the equally standardized approach to corruption analyzed by that comparably sensitive study, *Topaze* – and invited the return of tyranny.

In the United States, the development of a national establishment is being plagued by the problem of numbers. Until fairly late in the selection process, an input based on percentiles and computer cards is never touched by human hands, let alone by risk-taking imagination.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Nothing New*

There is really little more to say about the "new" novel at present, but there may be some point in explaining why there is little more to say. Two new "new" novels, by Marguerite Duras and Alain Robbe-Grillet,* provide the occasion.

Miss Duras sets her story (which it can be called) in a fictitious country where she mixes Anglo-Saxon and other names of places and people. Lol Stein, jilted by one man and married to another, returns to the town where she was jilted. She is attracted to the lover of a former school friend who is herself now married. Lol has led an almost narcotized married life; the lover, who does or does not resemble the youth who once jilted her, stirs her from this lethargy. But it is not a conventional affair. Although they sleep together once in the course of the book (after a visit to the ballroom where the jilting occurred years before), Lol's chief gratification is vicarious; she likes to lie in a field outside the hotel where the lover and her friend meet, and she likes to watch the window of their bedroom. Thus apparently she can still luxuriate in the anguish of being jilted even though she has a husband and a lover. The lover knows she is watching his other meetings, and he tells Lol the details she wants to know. It is this compliance that seals the sympathy between him and Lol.

All this in itself is not very "new." It might have been written by a lady who had read Proust and Freud long ago and who had kept up with the vein of tacit, feminine sensibility that runs through much 20th-century fiction. Miss Duras' book is not a clinical diagram; but her use of *bizarrerie* as a meeting-place for the sensitive – the lovers' acceptance of it as proof of their mutual understanding – is based on literary premises that have been well-established in this century.

What makes this novel "new" is that, although its language is formally conventional, its structure and intent are neither realistic nor traditionally romantic. It is written as if centered in a kaleidoscope of shifting prisms. The viewpoints continually meld and change; and the "I" who narrates (or who does not narrate) the story is revealed, halfway through, to be the lover who does not in fact enter until halfway through. When he does not know what happened or what others are thinking, phrases occur such as, "This is what I surmise"; but even this pattern is often varied. Fundamentally, it is the author who hovers over the story, turning it this way and that to catch and lose light, to mock slightly the novelistically expected, to dramatize the pressure of modern ultra-consciousness both on the characters in the story and the author who is telling it.

Robbe-Grillet's novel deals with some familiar materials of his: murder, sex, voyeurism, mystery, exotic atmosphere. But these materials are nothing more than that; his book is not genuinely violent, voyeuristic, or mysterious. It uses these elements as parts of a pattern, which pattern is the reason for the book's existence and to which these materials simply lend component colors. Amorphousness of time – not simultaneity, which has its own morphology, but sheer amorphousness – is the book's chief achievement.

The word "story" cannot be applied here, as it could with Miss Duras, even though there are at least as many events as in her book and most of them quite lurid. The setting is Hong Kong. The events include occurrences in an expensive brothel, staged scenes in that brothel, scenes in its garden, chases and murders in various mean and luxurious streets. These events move forward, circle on themselves, are repeated with variations, flow into other events. The structure of the book might be roughly graphed by writing a string of cursive e's in different sizes and then making the string undulate.

What is possibly apparent from my descriptions of these two books – and what is certainly an accepted trope of the criticism of the "new" novel – is their close relation to films. Both these authors have written film scripts for (among other directors) Alain Resnais: Miss Duras, *Hiroshima mon Amour;* Resnais, *Last Year at Marienbad.* (Robbe-Grillet has also written and directed a film of his own, *L'Immortelle,* not released here, which I saw in Paris. It, too, has an exotic setting – Istanbul – and deals with many of the same materials, including the mysteries of time. In some ways I thought it more satisfying than *Marienbad* and certainly much less consciously tricky.)

Perhaps it is additionally symptomatic of our era that some art forms aspire toward other art forms. Much of the film – particularly in the "underground" – aspires toward abstract painting. Much of modern painting (to use the term loosely) aspires toward sculpture. And many "new" novels long to be films. The influence of film *techniques* on fiction – flashback, intercutting, even the pan shot – has been clear for half a century. Now, in the "new" novel, the matter goes beyond the adaptation of techniques, it is a more intrinsic relation. These novels seem to *be* films – in prose. Miss Duras' novel *exists* by dissolving and redissolving, by superimposed images and cross-fades; it seems to have camera angles fast-woven into its motion forward. Robbe-Grillet's novel is edited (in the film sense) like *L'Immortelle;* and it has the same rhythm, deliberately dreamy as against the excitement of the materials.

Beyond this (and besides the fact that both novels have been rendered into good English), there is little new to say; and this is perhaps the most pertinent point about these books. Let me explain.

In contemporary criticism of fiction, the battle-lines (not too harsh or simple a term, I think) have been drawn. On one side are those who hope for the continuing potency and growth of the more-or-less traditional

(Continued on page 46)

* *The Ravishing of Lol Stein* by Marguerite Duras. Translated by Richard Seaver (Grove; $3.95)

La Maison de Rendez-vous by Alain Robbe-Grillet. Translated by Richard Howard (Grove; $4.50)

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Nabokov's Puppet Show – I

by Alfred Appel, Jr.

Now in his sixty-seventh year, Vladimir Nabokov is suddenly upon us. Of course, he was here all along, but his *oeuvre* was like an iceberg, the massive body of his Russian novels, stories, plays, and poems remaining untranslated and out of sight, lurking beneath the visible peaks of *Lolita* (1955), *Pnin* (1957), and *Pale Fire* (1962). In the last eight years, however, six of his books

Speak, Memory:
An Autobiography Revisited
by Vladimir Nabokov
(Putnam; $6.75)

in Russian have been translated and three out of print novels reissued. Nabokov's own translation of *Lolita* into Russian and a collation of stories known as *Nabokov's Quartet* appeared quietly this autumn, but the publication of *Speak, Memory: An Autobiography Revisited,* a considerably revised and expanded version of the memoir first issued in 1951 as *Conclusive Evidence,* is an event that should be celebrated, for it is the finest autobiography written in our time and, as a tentative Nabokov bibliography reveals, it is his twenty-second book in English and thirty-second in all, not including the plays and stories which remain to be translated and collected, or the entomological papers, which could fill a volume. The publication of *The Exploit* (1932), now being translated by Dmitri Nabokov (whose excellent translations of his father have been insufficiently praised), will leave untranslated only Nabokov's first two novels from the twenties, which he considers "mediocre."

This extraordinary outburst of Nabokovia highlights the resolute and indomitable spirit of the man who published his masterpieces, *Lolita* and *Pale Fire,* at the age of 56 and 62, respectively. Nabokov endured the exigencies of being an émigré writer when the Western world only seemed interested in his inferior Soviet contemporaries, and has emerged not only as a major Russian writer, but as the most important living American novelist. No doubt some academic pigeonholers still worry about Nabokov's nationality and where to "place" him, but John Updike solved this synthetic problem when he described Nabokov as "the best writer of English prose at present holding American citizenship." Not since Henry James, an émigré in his own right, has an American citizen created so formidable a corpus of work.

Nabokov was born in 1899, the same year as Hemingway and Hart Crane, a year before Thomas Wolfe. One doesn't readily think of him as their contemporary, and this fact serves to underscore a familiar and saddening story about American letters, and to emphasize Nabokov's signal achievement. One hesitates to sustain a vocabulary better suited for a General Motors account report, but in total output, Nabokov surpasses Faulkner, the only other major American writer of the modern period whose work threatens to occupy a full shelf, and even Dreiser, that veritable writing machine. To find a comparable verbal felicity in our literature, one has to go back to Melville and Hawthorne, but the poetic order of Nabokov's virtuoso prose, the joy and the exactitude with which every sentence seems to have been composed, finally places him beyond comparison.

Criticism must now catch up with Nabokov, and one can foresee in the next decade a spate of articles and books which should rival the recent outpouring of Nabokov's old works. The first book on Nabokov, Page Stegner's *Escape into Aesthetics,* which deals with the five novels written in English, was published this fall, *Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature* is devoting its entire spring issue to Nabokov, and the author of *Lolita* can be seen on Educational Television. But like Mary McCarthy's splendid review of *Pale Fire,* this kind of fanfare is too recent to account for his reputation, which has grown quietly for a decade among a new generation of serious readers and, most significantly, younger fiction writers such as John Barth, Jerome Charyn, John Hawkes, and Thomas Pynchon. One of the healthiest aspects of Nabokov's ascension is that, unlike so many writers today, he does not owe his eminence to the unrelenting efforts of the critics.

Nabokov's pronounced antipathy to Freud and the novel of society will continue to alienate some critics, but there is a reason for the delay in achieving his proper status more basic than his failure to conform to some accepted school or *Zeitgeist* pattern: readers trained on the tenets of formalist criticism have simply not known what to make of works which resist the search for ordered mythic and symbolic "levels of meaning," and depart completely from post-Jamesian requisites for the "realistic" or "impressionistic" novel – that a fiction be the impersonal product of a pure aesthetic impulse, a self-contained illusion of reality rendered from a consistently held point of view and through a central intelligence from which all authorial comment has been exorcised. Quite the opposite happens in Nabokov's fiction: his art is artifice or nothing, and the fantastic, a-realistic, and involuted forms toward which even his earliest fictions evolve make it clear that Nabokov has always gone his own way, and it has not been the way of the novel's Great Tradition according to F. R. Leavis. But Nabokov's present eminence signals a radical shift in opinions about the novel and the novelists' ethical responsibilities. A future historian of the novel may one day claim that it was Nabokov, more than any novelist now living, who kept alive an exhausted art form not only by demonstrating new possibilities for it, but by reminding us, through his example, of the variegated aesthetic re-

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sources of his great forebears, such as Sterne, and the Joyce who was a parodist rather than a symbolist.

The new edition of *Speak, Memory* affords an opportunity to make some general remarks about Nabokov's art which, however admired it may be, is almost never considered on its own terms. A compulsive exegete could devote several hundred pages to an elucidation of the literary allusions in *Lolita* and *Pale Fire* and yet fail to identify Nabokov's fundamental concerns and methods. *Speak, Memory* goes surprisingly far in helping to introduce them.

The 1951 version of *Speak, Memory* has been widely read in a paperback edition, but its readers may be assured that the revisited memoir is indispensable, its more than one hundred new pages and many important revisions increasing its cumulative power considerably. The new edition is also much enhanced by eighteen illustrations of Nabokov, his family, and his butterflies. These are not mere ancillary documents, and several present striking juxtapositions: Nabokov in a rowboat as a handsome, white-garbed 21-year-old Cambridge undergraduate, an open-shirted Russian Romantic by way of Rupert Brooke; then an unposed shot taken only nine years later but showing a much older-looking man, a decade of exile behind him, concentration creasing his forehead as he writes *The Defense* (1930), his third novel. Nabokov has also drawn the endpapers for the new edition: a map of the Nabokov lands and a butterfly (not identified, it is, rightly, *Parnassius mnemosyne;* in fact, *Speak, Mnemosyne* was his first choice for a title).

Like the first edition, the augmented *Speak, Memory* spans the first 40 years of Nabokov's life – one half of them spent in Russia, the other in exile in England, Germany, and France – stopping with his departure for America in 1940. Its researches into the history of his distinguished family extend back to the 15th century, and Chapter Three, which once featured eccentric Uncle Ruka, who at his death in 1916 bequeathed to young Nabokov his lands and the equivalent of a few million dollars, has now been doubled in length in order to accommodate as much of the family tree as possible. Chapter Fourteen provides history of a different sort. It in part deals with Russian émigré existence in Berlin and Paris (1922-1939), spectral worlds in which Nabokov supported himself through translations, lessons in English and tennis, and, fittingly, the first Russian crossword puzzles, which he composed for a daily émigré paper. He re-creates émigré literary life most vividly in *The Gift* (1938), but Bunin, Aldanov, Kuprin, Marina Tsvataev, and other émigré writers pass through *Speak, Memory* too quickly, and some readers will wish that Chapter Fourteen had grown in proportion to Chapter Three, especially since there is only one full-length study of the émigré period (by Gleb Struve, available only in Russian). Yet it is the very paucity of such documentary material that points to the excellence and rare purity of *Speak, Memory:* like Nabokov's fiction, its landscape is ultimately inward, and the memories which provide Nabokov with conclusive evidence of his having existed do not derive from the kind of high-toned gossip which so many literary memoirists confuse with significant personal experience.

Although *Speak, Memory* proliferates with names and faces, its most revelatory passages concern solitary moments, and describe the torture and rapture and sense of timelessness experienced in the hunting of rare butterflies and the composition of poems or chess problems. But its sunniest pages are inspired by the memories which "belong to the harmonious world of a perfect childhood," and Nabokov recreates this lost world with an affecting tenderness and exuberance: summers on country estates; winters in St. Petersburg; trips on the Nord-Express; Biarritz and the Riviera; a succession of governesses and tutors; the warmth and gaiety of large family gatherings; the elegant appurtenances of an Anglophile household – all belonging, as they say, to a vanished era, and as such, making *Speak, Memory* an important social record, among other things, though its author might not consider this a recommendation.

The rich and aristocratic Nabokovs were not the "White Russian" stock figures of Western liberal demonology – all monocles, Fabergé snuffboxes, and reactionary opinions – but rather a family with a long tradition of high culture and public service. Nabokov's grandfather was Minister of Justice under two Tsars and implemented the court reforms, while Nabokov's father adds a special resonance to the nostalgic memoirs of his apolitical son, since he tragically epitomizes the final efforts of the non-Soviet intelligentsia to create a democratic society in Russia. By education a lawyer, he lectured at the Imperial School of Jurisprudence, was an editor of liberal newspapers, a foe of anti-Semitism, an authority on Dickens, and a prolific journalist and scholar of law who wrote several books and thousands of articles, including "The Blood Bath of Kishinev," a famous protest against the 1903 pogrom. "At an official banquet in 1904," writes his son, "he refused to drink the Tsar's health. He is said to have coolly advertised in the papers his court uniform for sale." Deprived of his title by imperial decree, he "resolutely plunged into antidespotic labors." He was fined by the government for the fiery articles he wrote about the Beiliss trial (Maurice Samuel mentions him several times in his fine book on the Beiliss case, *Blood Accusation* – coincidentally published at the same time as Malamud's *The Fixer* – and quotes from Nabokov's reportage). A leader of the liberal opposition party (the Kadets), he was elected to the first parliament (Duma), went to prison for issuing a revolutionary manifesto, served in the provisional government after the 1917 Revolution, and then escaped to the Crimea, where he was Minister of Justice in the regional government. In 1919 he went into exile, co-editing a liberal émigré daily in Berlin until his death in 1922 (age, 52), at a political meeting, when he was shot while trying to shield the speaker from two monarchist assassins. Mr. D. J. Enright, in an early review of *Speak, Memory,* carefully avoids mentioning any of the above, and decides that Nabokov "loved and

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admired" his father not for his liberalism, but for the snobbery made possible by his wealth and position. Thus the morality of reviewing.

What Nabokov in the afterword to *Lolita* calls his "second-rate brand of English" has never been more virtuoso than in *Speak, Memory*. Utilizing as many of the devices of poetry as prose can accommodate, he unfolds his memories in a rich, shimmering style that in its most ecstatic moments is nothing less than enchanting. When he is writing about those he loves most, the welling prose will build to a final crescendo, as at the end of Chapter One, when he describes "the national [tossing] ordeal" with which the villagers would honor his father after he had been called from the dining-room table and had successfully mediated a local dispute or granted a subsidy:

> "From my place at table I would suddenly see through one of the west windows a marvelous case of levitation. There, for an instant, the figure of my father in his wind-rippled white summer suit would be displayed, gloriously sprawling in midair, his limbs in a curiously casual attitude, his handsome, imperturbable features turned to the sky. Thrice, to the mighty heave-ho of his invisible tossers, he would fly up in this fashion, and the second time he would go higher than the first and then there he would be, on his last and loftiest flight, reclining, as if for good, against the cobalt blue of the summer noon, like one of those paradisiac personages who comfortably soar, with such a wealth of folds in their garments, on the vaulted ceiling of a church while below, one by one, the wax tapers in mortal hands light up to make a swarm of minute flames in the mist of incense, and the priest chants of eternal repose, and funeral lilies conceal the face of whoever lies there, among the swimming lights, in the open coffin."

Effects such as these, abundant in *Speak, Memory*, are not a matter of "fine writing" – that vaguely pejorative designation, carrying with it suggestions of a hollow eloquence, a disparity between a high style and mean subject – for they rise inexorably out of Nabokov's deepest promptings.

Although the above quotation is also in the 1951 *Speak, Memory*, there were surprisingly few sustained passages about his father in that first version. This fact, coupled with the short biography of him which Nabokov has added to Chapter Nine, suggests how difficult it has been for him to write about his father, and reveals an especially poignant dimension of the new book which may not immediately be apparent. The nine new pages on his father are informative enough. His memory bolstered by a recently reclaimed family scrapbook, Nabokov coolly details his father's exemplary career, but as the declarative sentences fall into place, one soon realizes that Nabokov's feelings for his father are so profound that, 45 years after his assassination, they still threaten to overwhelm him, and the emotion

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seems to well up behind the fortress of facts. At one point he interrupts a very short passage about his father's manuscripts to say "I am taking two hours now to describe a two-minute run of his flawless handwriting." These new pages, unadorned and low-keyed, contrast starkly with the sonorous, evocative pages against which they are set, making the biography of his father a very moving experience in an unexpected way.

The first chapter's crescendo ending defines a structural pattern consistent throughout *Speak, Memory*. In spite of Nabokov's indifference to music of any kind, he describes the use memory makes of "innate harmonies" and "wandering tonalities," its resolution of "jangling chords," and the overriding design of *Speak, Memory* is intricately contrapuntal. Each of its fifteen chapters sounds a major motif, and the titles which they bore in their initial appearance as magazine pieces summarize these motifs best: "Portrait of my Mother"; "My English Education"; "Butterflies"; "Exile," and so forth (see Nabokov's Foreword). These "bright blocks of perception" follow a rough chronology in time, but weaving through them in almost rhythmical associative progressions are separate out-of-sequence themes which, when followed and apprehended by the autobiographer, reduce time to a convenient abstraction. Every chapter moves, in varying degrees, toward a recapitulation of its intertwining thematic lines, a full orchestration that in its closing moment reaches for a plangent chord – an incandescent, summary image.

Because consciousness is virtually an optical instrument to Nabokov, his efforts to recapture the past are something vividly *seen*. The struggle takes place before the reader, who shares with the memoirist that exhilarating instant when Mnemosyne obeys Nabokov's injunction, and the isolated, dimly remembered moments – mute images which have been fading in and out of focus – suddenly coalesce and come to life, releasing a cascade of reverberating sounds and sights, as at the end of Chapter Eight when, after resurrecting a large family outing, Nabokov hears "beyond the river, behind the rhythmic trees, the confused and enthusiastic hullabaloo of bathing young villagers, like a background of wild applause" – as though the bathers were a concord of witnesses to Nabokov's bravura performance, the memory feat which includes his bedazzling re-creation of them.

In addition to its qualities as a memoir, *Speak, Memory* serves, along with Chapter Five in *Gogol* (1944), as the ideal introduction to Nabokov's art, for the most lucid criticism of Nabokov is found in his own books. His most overtly parodic novels spiral in upon themselves and provide their own commentary; sections of *The Gift* and *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* (1941) limpidly describe the narrative strategies of later novels. Nabokov's preoccupations are perhaps best projected by bringing together the opening and closing sentences of *Speak Memory:* "The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness." At the end of the book, he describes how he and his wife first perceived, through the strategems thrown up to confound the eye, the ocean liner waiting to take them and their son to America: "It was most satisfying to make out among the jumbled angles of roofs and walls, a splendid ship's funnel, showing from behind the clothesline as something in a scrambled picture – Find What the Sailor Has Hidden – that the finder cannot unsee once it has been seen." *The Eye* is well-titled; the apprehension of "reality" (a word that Nabokov says must always have quotes around it) is first of all a miracle of vision, and our existence is a sequence of attempts to unscramble the "pictures" glimpsed in that "brief crack of light." Both art and nature are to Nabokov "a game of intricate enchantment and deception," and the process of reading and rereading his novels is a game of perception, like those which E. H. Gombrich writes about in *Art and Illusion* – everything is *there*, in sight (no symbols lurking in murky depths), but one must penetrate the *trompe l'oeil*, which eventually reveals something totally different from what one had expected. This is how Nabokov seems to envision the game of life and the effect of his novels: each time a "scrambled picture" has been discerned "the finder cannot unsee" it; consciousness has been expanded or created.

The word "game" commonly denotes frivolity and an escape from the exigencies of the world, but Nabokov confronts the void by virtue of his play-concept. His "game of worlds" (to quote John Shade in *Pale Fire*) proceeds within the terrifyingly immutable limits defined by the "two eternities of darkness," and is a search for order – for "some kind/Of correlated pattern in the game" – which demands the full consciousness of its players. The author and the reader are the "players," and when in *Speak, Memory* Nabokov describes the composition of chess problems he is also telescoping his fictional practices. If one responds to the author's "false scents" and "specious lines of play," best effected by parody, and believes, say, that Humbert's confession is "sincere" and that he exorcises his guilt, or that the narrator of *Pnin* is really perplexed by Pnin's animosity toward him, or that a Nabokov book is an illusion of a reality proceeding under the natural laws of our world, then one has not only lost the game to the author, but most likely is not faring too well in the "game of worlds," one's own unscrambling of pictures.

This is the first section of a two-part essay which will be concluded in the next issue.

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Four Poems

by Robley Wilson Jr.

Lines for Later Anniversaries

Husbands each one of us, we've wed
reality. God, nothing's new –
hid in the pangs of puberty;
them we realized, they share our beds,

we've no room else. Innocent girls
whose quaint hemlines below the knee
inveigled us to learn their thighs;
metal-green corridors of girls

slamming toward us with breasts
  a-dance;
cloakrooms, schoolyards of girls we
  loved
to think of loving up, and hugged
nights-long in slept Edens of chance

against the unhealed parts of us –
naked and white as bone their shades
blur the ripe aisles where once we fed
our minds their fleshy sustenance.

All present girls are myths revived;
dreamt ribs. Like bachelors we itch,
fall out of sleep, but dare not touch
where waking visions turn out wives.

A Woman

I never get enough of love,
She said. Never. And lacking it
I pace, I kick the furniture.
One night I broke the handle off
A teacup, and stepped on the dish.

Why do you stay away from me?
My God, what do you think is worth
The wishing for, outside this room?
My windows are mirrors at night;
Rain after dark makes me a freak.

Do you know what I'd like to be?
One of those ugly plants with pods
Hanging off them. I'd love to watch
My body die, and the pods split,
And all the seeds come breaking out.

Certain Stately Structures

Time like an old dog gnaws her bones –
They are no longer white. The teeth
Leave marks, and the marks collect mold;
The joints slip, the slick knobs dry up,
The bands of cartilage go slack.
Where this woman's prolific thighs
Swing from the pelvic throne, the rhythms
Catch, babbling of an age, an age.

We stand her up. On the support
Of our warm palms she holds herself,
Her weight absurd. We shake our heads,
Remembering a princess who danced
Ankle-deep in green trellis-shade.
Like a child's sleep toy stuffed with straw
She lolls in the royal surgeon's arms
And is led in. Long live the queen.

No slave guesses the rivet-shanks
Skewered in the bone, the plaited threads
Whose tensions hum like violins,
Hingements of tempered steel. While these
Hold fast, the government endures.
Listen, we say, *the music she makes,*
As swaying by her bed she aches
From the extravagance of her reign.

The Sniper in the Tower

In my mind is a tree,
With time reaching its tap
To my blood's origins.
It thrives: its limbs fatten,
They crotch and crotch again,
Red leaves burgeon on them.

Checked by the bone-roof sky
The branches hug themselves;
The tree's crown is perfect
On the brain's armatures;
The foliage breathes out
An expense of oxygen.

The fruit is difficult:
A flower, solemn ripening,
A husk white as the moon.
My branches bend aside
To make a place for it;
Nothing in Nature is sterile.

At last arrives a season
When the portentous fruit
Breaks from the mothering limbs.
I lean with a mortal wind;
Far down on the black lawns
I watch my red leaves splashing.

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Marshall's Ordeal

by Gerald W. Johnson

Rather less than ten years ago some people laughed superciliously when Truman described George Catlett Marshall as the greatest living American. It was not the first, nor the last time that some people laughed at one of Truman's judgments – and later quit laughing. Less than ten years afterward it is plain to the dullest that if Truman was wrong in this judgment, he was not far wrong – certainly not so far wrong that it was funny. The public estimate of the Army Chief of Staff in the Second World War has not, as is often the case, diminished, but has steadily grown in the postwar years.

George C. Marshall: Ordeal and Hope, 1939-1942
by Forrest C. Pogue, with a foreword by General Omar N. Bradley
(Viking; $8.95)

Mr. Pogue now presents the second volume of what is planned as a definitive – and monumental – biography. It covers the time from Marshall's becoming Chief of Staff to the half-way point of the tremendous double war, Eisenhower's landing in Africa. It covers any number of hotly-disputed events and it purports to do nothing more than present Marshall's view of each of these events. It is a high tribute to someone, but whether to Pogue or to Marshall no reviewer can determine, that the presentation is always so lucid, credible, calm, and apparently fair-minded, that the inexpert civilian reader is left with the conviction that this must be the truth of the matter.

The account is the more convincing because it is not always flattering to Marshall. He made many mistakes, most of them trivial, but some serious, and one ghastly. This was the mistake of assuming that Japan would deliver her first sledge-hammer blow in the Far East, presumably on the Philippines, but possibly further south. True, everybody else in Washington and Manila made the same mistake, but Marshall was Chief of Staff, whose business it is to be right, even when everybody else is wrong.

Pogue makes the interesting suggestion that Marshall may have been betrayed by an earlier success. In June, 1941, information came through that caused Washington to flash an alert to all our outlying defenses. General Herron, commanding at Pearl Harbor, shot into action furiously. His anti-sabotage guards were doubled, his artillery was run out into firing position and the gun crews served live ammunition, while, with the cooperation of the Navy, the seas for 200 miles out were patrolled so constantly that a flight of gulls, not to mention a flight of bombers, could not have come through unobserved. Marshall relaxed as regards Pearl. On December 6 a similar warning was flashed and produced similar action at Panama and San Francisco, but not at Pearl Harbor and Manila. Short was now commanding at Pearl and he merely strengthened his anti-sabotage measures. MacArthur, at Manila, had small confidence in the intelligence of the General Staff; he relied on his own with the result that half his planes were destroyed on the ground nine hours after the raid on Hawaii.

This was Marshall's blackest hour. He offered his resignation, but Stimson, Secretary of War, and Roosevelt, President and Commander-in-Chief, brushed it aside, so he was left saddled with the responsibility of winning a tremendous double war with a non-existent army.

This volume leaves him with the miracle only half-accomplished, and although it is enthralling in its lucid presentation of complexities beyond counting, one is keenly aware that Marshall's restraining hand lay heavily on Pogue. What concerns the General directly is presented with candor that is sometimes startling, but on what concerned others Marshall was grimly silent and imposed silence on his biographer. There is not a word about why Stark was sent to England and the Navy given to King. There is not much about the fireworks that exploded wherever MacArthur appeared. Marshall admits that at first he disliked Roosevelt, but when he found that he could tell the President flatly where his ideas were wrong and still keep his job, he began to change his mind; and when repeatedly it turned out that the President had been right, Marshall decided that this was a really great man, who understood strategy, even if he was hopeless on tactics.

As a study of the art of war the book is good, and as a contribution to American history it commands attention, but neither of those constitutes its greatest value. Worth far more than either is its description of the forging into steel of an iron integrity under heats and pressures that would have vaporized an ordinary character. Curiously, Pogue fails to mention one obvious factor in this process. In an early chapter he notes that even as a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute Marshall was noted for his knowledge of how to command, and as he climbed the military ladder his mastery of the art increased. As Chief of Staff he noted some waspish comment on the multiplicity of uniforms in Washington so when he was engaged in routine desk work he usually wore civilian clothes; but if he walked into the War Department in a gray flannel suit the greenest elevator boy, who might never have seen him before, instinctively snapped to attention. The boy may not have known who that man was, but very well what he was, namely Lawful Authority.

The reverse of this medal is known to every amateur psychologist. Almost always a man who can command superbly can also obey superbly, because he learned how to obey before he learned how to command. It is to be hoped that Mr. Pogue will bring this out in subsequent volumes, for it is a large part of the distinction of George C. Marshall. A man who could command Eisenhower and obey Truman, and be equally magnificent in both roles, is a man for the ages.

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Those Normans

by Honor Tracy

Most English people have a hazy idea that the Norman Conquest was a very good job. Everything Norman was superior to everything English, from armory to table manners. It was the Norman, the legend runs, who introduced us to French civilization, almost as if without his help we should never have heard of Racine, Balzac, the Impressionists or Proust. A peculiar social snobbery about it survives to this day: the poet may allege that "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood" but the very names of Alfred and Tennyson discredit him by their low Saxon ring. The names we revere are those which, as one writer put it, show their possessors to have been on the winning side nine hundred years ago, particularly if they end in "ville" or begin with "Fitz": although the latter simply meant a bastard in the family and, in any case, whole villages of Saxons were named after their Norman master, like slaves on a plantation.

This January Tale
by Bryher
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $4.50)

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It was inevitable, therefore, that the ninth centenary of this event should be celebrated up and down the country with all the gleeful relish England brings to the commemoration of her defeats and disasters. At the same time voices were raised to inform us that the popular view, as usual, was wrong. Scholars pointed out that pre-Norman England thrived, that men were free, adhering to ideals of honor, justice and loyalty, that their poetry was splendid, their crafts superb, and that the civilization supposedly brought to them was in fact a revival which only began when the Normans had been well digested.

Like all peace-loving civilized folk, however, the English were unorganized and unprepared for war. The Normans had stronger bows, harder arrows, better tactics and greater mobility, while the English used archery mainly in hunting and considered battle a man-to-man affair of spear and axe. One can just imagine them chortling, like the veterans of World War One in the Blitzkrieg, "Ah, but wait till they meet our chaps face to face! They'll never stand up to cold steel."

In a brief foreword, Bryher shows herself aware of all this, describing the invasion as, from England's point of view, an "unqualified disaster." The theme of her novel is its effect on the lives of ordinary men and women at the time. The hero is one Eldred, son of a master smith in Exeter, whom we first meet in 1056 as a runaway from the tedium of work in the forge, serving on the Welsh border in Earl Harold's army. All the fighting he gets is a punitive expedition now and then against the raiding Welsh, a "dirty and a vicious folk" and one that "had never stood up, as far as he remembered, to a straight attack by the housecarls but melted away, if sighted, as if they were not men but creatures of their own mist." But Eldred is not looking for glory, command or reward and asks no more than to be Earl Harold's man until he dies. Then one day, reconnoitering in open country against the order of his chief, he is struck in the hand by an arrow from a Welsh sniper and can never use a battleaxe again. Invalided out of the troop, he returns to Exeter and the smithy, and by the time the Normans arrive there in 1068 he owns it, is married and has a stepdaughter.

We see and hear little of the invaders as, burning and pillaging, they move westward after Hastings and the death of the English king. The story is that of the English dilemma – shall the freemen abandon their farms and homesteads, following their leaders into exile with the hope of ultimate, victorious return? or shall they remain, submit, collaborate, hope for the best? In Exeter, the city council of wealthy thanes hurry to the Duke to ask his terms, leaving hostages with him while they retire to talk things over. Flown with easy success, unfamiliar with the English temperament, the Duke blinds a hostage to make the position clear; whereupon the citizens rise, lock the council up in the city hall and prepare to withstand a siege. But the Normans build a mighty bonfire under the wall, causing the stones to crack and tumble down and, unused to advanced technology of this nature, the English are thrown into confusion. Each man now must decide for himself if he will stay or run: Eldred, for whom life without loyalty has no meaning, chooses exile, poverty and eventual death in a foreign land: the cowards and the quislings stay behind, only to be dispossessed in their turn once the Duke feels secure enough to break his promises.

Bryher deals with the complexities of the situation with admirable economy and in a tranquil style that makes her story all the more poignant. Her recreation of the past, for all its careful scholarship, may lack the authority and conviction that we find, for example, in the work of Alfred Duggan: she may force a little the parallel with 1940; and she is undoubtedly less than fair to the Welsh who, themselves despoiled by the Saxon, inferior to him in numbers, weapons and courage, fought back in the only way they could. But she succeeds triumphantly

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in the characterization of the Saxony family and her sensitive description of their plight, their love of home and hunger for their fields, their placing of loyalty, man to overlord, wife to husband, above personal inclination, their pain and bewilderment in exile, the special griefs of their young, the uncertainty, the patient, uncomplaining acceptance of hardship; and she writes a beautiful simple prose, free from the irritating archaisms too often sprinkled about in historical novels and with a poetic quality that makes every page delightful to read.

Boss Tweed's Dynasty

by Morris Renek

"Dear Tit:
The bearer understands addition, division and silence. Appoint him!
Your friend,
Bill."

What Boss "Bill" Tweed accomplished in New York from 1866 to 1871 was due to his organizational genius and consummate artistry as a crook. He centralized graft and plunder, united the ward leaders, and used the new Irish and German immigrants as a base for power. Tweed was an ethnic broker without peer for his time. Out of his talent, his Ring laid the foundation for the modern political machine that roils the hearts of city governments today.

The Tweed Ring
by Alexander B. Callow, Jr.
(Oxford; $7)

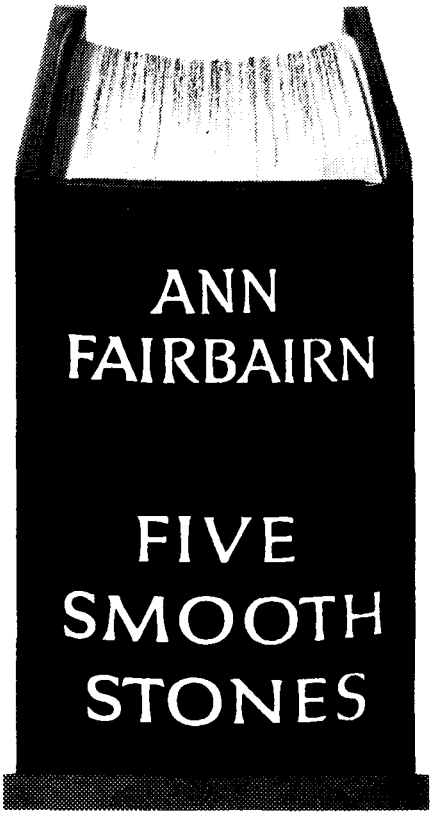
A Protestant from a comfortable family background, he opened up the police force to the Irish, fought successfully a century ago for state aid to parochial schools, appointed respectable Protestants to high office but made sure they were balanced out by political sycophants, protected the privileges of the rich, and robbed the poor even as they voted for him and his Ring. What Callow makes clear – and nothing could be better for the sanity of the nation – is that there is no single ethnic group responsible for city corruption. The later Irish dynasties built on the blueprints left by Tweed.

Tweed, in his turn, was schooled in the Board of Aldermen – more accurately known as The Forty Thieves. The Board's corruption can be traced back to pre-Civil War days when the property owning aristocrats ran New York. Tammany Hall, which came into being two weeks after Washington's inauguration, was not yet in power with its modern face; and all New Yorkers did not enjoy the right to vote until 1832.

At the height of Tweed's power, his Ring controlled the city, the governor at Albany, and the once formidable Hall of Justice. When the Republican *New York Times*, and *Harper's Weekly's* great political cartoonist Nast, finally brought the Ring down, 37 newspapers of various degrees of obscurity fell for lack of the Ring's revenue in the form of advertising. Six to eight reporters on nearly all the city papers were subsidized with fees from "$2,000 to $2,500 to exercise the proper discretion when it came to writing about politics. . . ."

When Tweed gave his detailed confession to the reformers, *they gave it back to him.* He had implicated some of the most eminent names in New York history. To accept Tweed's confession would have saved the city millions of dollars in fraudulent contracts. The reformers thought it wiser to let the city lose the money.

Professor Callow has not swallowed the myths about the city boss helping the poor who were his base of power. Sometimes, though, Callow is carried away by his subject and writes of Tweed's charities and his taking money out of his own pocket. But everybody's pocket was Tweed's pocket. Tweed did nothing about the conditions that contributed to poverty. He never contested exorbitant rents, foul tenements, lack of sanitation, excessive charges for coal and water, etc. His methods raised the cost of living, en-



Huge in scope, urgent in its meaning, this great novel has already been acclaimed as "the first big bestseller of 1967"

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dangered public safety (a contract for a bridge was given to a pork butcher rather than an engineering firm); small businessmen and the poor were beaten up by thugs if they dissented vigorously, and crime thrived in partnership with his hack inspectors.

Yet Tweed, in more than one respect, was far superior to the reformers. Where the reformers wanted a retrenched economy and considered poverty "a just retribution for idleness and bad habits," Tweed was running a welfare, public works and extralegal social security program that "was more extensive than anything else offered until the 1930's. . . ." Tweed was fortunate in that his political enemies were tailored to make him a success.

The New York Times estimated Tweed's plunder at $75,000 to $80,000 a day. He had a mansion on 5th Avenue and a baronial estate in Greenwich, Connecticut. Businessmen were instructed to alter their bills. At one time the Ring collected 65 percent of a bill and the businessman 35 percent. There was no form of city work too humble to escape Tweed's plunder. Seeing how much paperwork the city did, he bought a paper plant and sold his paper to the city and to anyone else who did business with the city.

While the reformers would get distinguished names to sponsor their meetings, Tweed would go down to the wards and meet with the leaders whom he feared more than the reformers. The aristocracy and their imitators viewed the masses of poor with hate. The middle and upper classes tried escaping from the Irish and German immigrants by moving north to Greenwich Village, and eventually to Harlem where they thought they were safe.

After the native poor and the immigrants split their ticket and defeated the Ring, the reformers remained caught up in their moralistic conservatism. They wanted to rule this growing city by outmoded methods that looked back to a simplistic rural life. They didn't care to notice that it was the corrupt rural politicians who added to the ills of the city by their control of the state's purse. They alienated themselves from the poor by lending support to Know Nothing anti-Catholic bigotry. What all this moralistic blindness amounted to was that Boss Tweed never lost. His bipartisan innovations were masterful and his dealings with the rural politicians, who hypocritically condemned a city their conservatism helped to shape, have become part of the grammar of politics.

When Tweed arrived at prison, his very name synonymous with corruption, the warden asked him his profession. The huge Tweed, of lordly bearing, with a magnificent sized nose and blue and friendly eyes, answered in a clear, strong voice, "Statesman!"

The time has come,
the Phoenix said
to publish many things:
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hostile boy
and life that's rudely urban
of mescal and what happens
when the psyche's for
disturbin'.

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MUSIC

What's What in Modern Music

The authors of books about Bach, Mozart or Handel can assume that readers will not question the "eternal" value of the work of these men. Historians writing about music of their own time cannot afford this presumption. They have to serve a double function – as scholars and critics. The odds are that they will make mistakes – ignoring or underrating work of great significance and overinflating transitory phenomena. Allowing for inevitable eccentricities of judgment, both Mr. Austin and Mr. Yates have written important books, and since such books are rare, it is unfortunate that their appearance during the same season will make them rivals. They are, in fact, complementary.

Twentieth Century Music
Its Evolution
from the End of the Harmonic Era
into the Present Era of Sound
by Peter Yates
(Pantheon; $7.95)

Music in the 20th Century
from Debussy through Stravinsky
by William W. Austin
(Norton; $9.90)

For more than thirty years, Peter Yates has been drawing attention to unfamiliar music of virtually all periods and styles. He founded the Concerts on the Roof in Los Angeles and for some time was best known as an impresario. More recently, it is as a critic that he has exercised most influence. He addresses himself to a limited segment of the sophisticated public and perhaps it is because of the controversial nature of his views that he lays down the law with such uncompromising vigor.

For Yates, modern music is a cause, and occasionally, in his zeal, he makes his cause seem like an odd California cult. His aim is to convert. To do so he patiently documents the course of recent music history as he sees it, pausing to give full explanatory "introductions" to Schoenberg, Ives, Stravinsky, Bartok and other figures he considers in the mainstream, while explaining away the misfits. Simply on the basis of factual information, his accomplish-

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Statesmen reflect on their times

DAVID ORMSBY-GORE, LORD HARLECH

MUST THE WEST DECLINE?

The author, British ambassador to the United States from 1961 to 1965, believes that foolish men and wicked men have been responsible for the crisis in Western society, but the ultimate cause of the breakdown of Western institutions is the extreme nationalism which has marked this period. He pinpoints the issues we must face today, if our children are not to be condemned to a "long night of enslavement."

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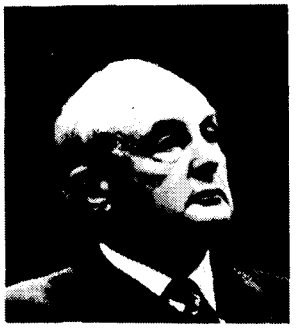
GLADWYN JEBB, LORD GLADWYN



HALFWAY TO 1984

Considering George Orwell's grim vision of the future of the world, Lord Gladwyn, the former British ambassador to the United Nations and writer on foreign affairs, concludes that we may be "halfway to 1984" in more than date alone.

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ARTHUR LALL

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ment is enormous and will be useful even to a reader who, like myself, is exasperated by many of his assumptions and value judgments.

Yates is a forceful proponent of a neo-Hegelian view that history – in music and perhaps other things too – is an unbroken series of events which determine each other. "During the seventeenth century," he says, "all roads lead to Bach; during the nineteenth century, to Schoenberg." That leaves little room for the accidental, the inexplicable, the individual. If Bach had decided at the age of 35 to chuck the Baroque and take up with the early Rococo composers, the roads would have lead to a very different Bach than the one we have. From Schoenberg, Yates traces the musical line inevitably down to John Cage and "the emancipation of music from its notes," which Yates calls "the unalterable fact for the second half of the century."

Yates may be right or (as I think) not, but he *is* where the action is today. The "emancipation of music from its notes" has taken two forms. In the electronics laboratory, for instance, the music created is generally quite rigid. There can be no Toscaninis or Mischa Elmans to interpret and reinterpret what takes its final form on a strip of magnetic tape. On the other hand, aleatoric music – music based on chance, so that no two performances of the same piece can ever resemble each other very much – is a kind of play. Most composers who engage in one of these forms of activity also engage in the other, because both involve a challenge to traditional aesthetics by creating sounds that are not obtainable by traditional means. In its most playful form, aleatory can go as far as a work described by Yates in which a violinist stuffs his fiddle full of concert programs and sets fire to it. Yates considers this a legitimate form of music-making, but his taste is so large and generous that he can be reasonably kind even to composers as conservative as Hindemith.

My own experience has been that most music is resistant to time-travel. It takes a very good piece to survive more than a few hearings, and anyone who has done much work in musical archives knows that dead works of the remote past are just as dead as the dead works of the more recent past. When a piece – or an idea – is reasonably new and fresh, it acquires a transitory interest which, however briefly, tends to blind us to its mediocrity. Yates is, I think, almost totally blind to the banality of much of the music he has championed; but it would be hard to imagine anybody of taste who has more richly enjoyed the experience of living through rapid and chaotic change than he.

Austin's *Music in the 20th Century* is the sixth volume of the Norton History of Music which, when it is completed with the missing volume on the Classical era, will be one of the great works of musical scholarship in English. The subtitle – "From Debussy through Stravinsky" – carries with it the wry suggestion that if the old man lives long enough to develop still another style, chunks of the book will become obsolete and have to be revised. A bibliography of 110 pages gives some indication of the labor that went into the work, which is not polemical and aims at being encyclopedic. Mr. Austin is best with composers who are dead, better with those over 50 than under.

The only startling thing I have found in Austin's book is a divergence from the single-track theory of history that characterizes Yates and almost all other recent work in the field. It takes little reflection to realize that a good many good 20th Century composers – Strauss, Ravel and Vaughan Williams, for instance – have no place at all in the stylistic and technical evolution from Wagner to Schoenberg. A great many living composers persist in writing the kind of music they want to write, indifferent to Peter Yates' death sentence. During the last fifteen years of aesthetic nihilism, dozens of composers have reached the edge of the abyss of "music without notes," only to refuse to take the final plunge. They can't be dismissed as dropouts from history. Austin gives us a means of accommodating them, and supplies a better balanced explanation of the current state of musical taste than Yates:

> "Prokofiev, Hindemith and Webern represent the range of new styles after Schoenberg, Stravinsky, and Bartok. All six, together with Debussy, form a framework in which other contemporary styles can be approximately located."

It is refreshing to find in a work of scholarship the most conspicuous truth about 20th century music, which is that this is a period of extremely wide divergence from any allegedly predetermined way, rather than a transitional period headed inevitably for some authoritarian common practice.

ROBERT EVETT

View from the middle of the road

POLAND'S POLITICS
Idealism versus Realism
Adam Bromke

The provocative thesis of this study is that the most significant phenomenon of Polish political life since the late 1800's and especially in the last 25 years has been the discrepancy between her potential and actual status in the world. This antinomy between idealism and realism results from Poland's peculiar and difficult international position, but today an effort to steer a middle course between a total dependence on the Soviet Union and complete independence has made Poland stronger than it has been for a century. (Russian Research Center Studies, 51) $9.95

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Alfred Appel, Jr., *a professor of English at Stanford, is writing a study of Nabokov for the New Directions Makers in Modern Literature series.* Robley Wilson, Jr., *is an instructor of English at the State College of Iowa.* Honor Tracy, *author of* The Straight and Narrow Path, *has written a new novel,* Men at Work, *which will be published later this season.* Morris Renek's *novel,* The Big Hello, *has recently been issued in a German translation.*

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MOVIES

A Sense of Disproportion

There are not – and there never were – any formal principles that can be used to judge movies but there are concepts that are serviceable for a while and so pass for, or are mistaken for, "objective" rules until it becomes obvious that the new work that we respond to violates them. One serviceable notion was the distinction between comedy and mere gag-writing. In comedy, the humor was supposed to be integral, to grow out of a situation and to contribute to a mood or idea and to the development of the structure; in gag-writing, the joke was just brought in for a laugh – and we probably felt mildly contemptuous even when we did laugh. Now we're more likely to respond to surreal suddenness, to the surprises of an "inspired" gag-writer and to be impatient of the too-tame comedic situation with its neat preparations and its air of expectation. The decisive factor, then, is not – or is not any longer – structural preparation but the style of the work and or the quality of the joke itself.

Good construction used to be considered a formal necessity, but twenty years ago an accident split the seams of the well-constructed Hollywood movie. William Faulkner, Jules Furthman, and their co-writers employed to whip up a screenplay for Howard Hawks out of Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep* couldn't figure out the plot, and, probably on the basis that nobody gave a damn anyway, they went ahead with the screenplay. As if determined to blow the plot, they even threw in a swatch of "suggestive" dialogue from an old horse-racing comedy *(Straight, Place, and Show)* – which hadn't attracted much attention when spoken by Ethel Merman and Richard Arlen but which, out of context, was all innuendo – and with a new high voltage not only because of the Bacall and Bogart delivery but *because* it didn't relate to anything in the movie. Sophisticated sex-talk became the link for the movie, and the incidents and talk were so entertaining that audiences didn't care about the solution of the murder plot. More than that, as audience, we enjoyed the joke that (probably partly inadvertently) had been played on us: *The Big Sleep* made us aware how little we often *had* cared about the ridiculously complicated plots of detective thrillers, how fed up with them we were – that we had been going for the riffs for a long time without being aware of it.

Part of the fun of movies is in not believing, and it's often a relief to see a movie that doesn't go through all the clumsy motions of trying to make a situation seem believable. The wits who worked in the movies in the thirties had known it then. In the early Marx Brothers comedies like *Duck Soup*, in the great W. C. Fields-Jack Oakie *Million Dollar Legs*, even in the Crosby-Hope *Road* pictures, part of the pleasure was in the *absence* of solemn preparation. The construction that wasn't there was our referent when we saw these films: we enjoyed its absence as a nose-thumbing at the tediously constructed conventional movies. But those writers had been pressured to pin their wit down in situation comedy and family entertainment.

There was a clue right at the beginning of movies that perhaps dramatic structure wasn't so important: the serials, which were even more primitive – and more flexible – in construction than the simplest stage dramas. They were constructed *serially*, just one incident after another without regard to logic or dramatic coherence. But not even the Hollywood merchants thought that they could get by with that kind of construction in feature films made for metropolitan audiences. The triumph of virtue over vice had to be constructed dramatically: if something was introduced, it had to be related to the whole, if a character appeared we knew there was a reason for his coming on and we waited to find out how he was related to the events. Everything that happened had to be prepared for. The heroine couldn't suddenly be killed in a car accident:

By JEROME AGEL, editor-publisher

While reviewers are praising for the umpteenth time the diary of a Swiss private and the history of glass design, BOOKS THE MONTHLY NEWSPAPER is reporting what's really happening, Homer. Overground. Underground. Long before anyone else, usually. (We were two months ahead of everyone else on the Clutter-Hickcock-Smith photos and Mrs. Kennedy's desire.) News, thrusts, layouts available absolutely nowhere else. Monthly psychodrama highlights: Did Samuel Johnson know Boswell was making notes? Plans to blow up the world. America's concentration camps. Boise's homosexual scandals. The social barometer. Yevtushenko's view of America. Marshall McLuhan: "Art is anything you can get away with." Mod literature. Writes Newsweek: "BOOKS has a talent for first-rate scoops." Writes James Purdy: "How can you last? Isn't America beautiful enough without you?" *Only by subscription.* (Not on newsstands.) If you want to be included, send us the coupon today. It'll be an interesting year. BOOKS/Agel Publishing Co., 598 Madison Ave., NYC 10022. One year: $2.92. Two years: $5.50.

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we would have to see first that the driver wasn't in condition to drive, that something awful was going to happen, or as even fairly recently, in *Lonely Are the Brave*, the whole movie could be preparation for the final collision. In life there were accidents; in art, it was assumed, there had to be reasons, and fates were explained by character and circumstance. Hack writers and directors showed their hand, forcing each piece of plot creakingly in place; but when a good writer and director were at work, the smooth unfolding was an aesthetic pleasure. Now, this kind of construction can still give pleasure but of a different nature: it appears to be such an *unnecessary* formalism that it is freakishly entertaining – an aesthetic game played for its own sake. In its older form, it can still be viewed weekly on the television series *Peyton Place*, which is so full of anxious preparation for each new terrible revelation or calamity that nothing that happens can ever fulfill the dreadful expectations.

When, in the past, movies didn't create expectations, didn't build and prepare for their climaxes, people often referred to them contemptuously as comic strips because they had that dead, flat, one-dimensional quality of narrative without dramatic structure, just one thing after another. That's how we used to be able to tell when a movie director was an amateur who didn't understand the medium. It's only recently, with the success of the James Bond pictures and in the general enthusiasm for Pop, that there has been the discovery that for certain kinds of one-dimensional material, this comic-strip style (developed, after all, on one-dimensional material), used intentionally, has a kind of non-reflective immediacy that people enjoy. One of the pleasures of the Bond pictures is in getting away from the mechanics of dramatic construction back to the one-damn-thing-after-another serial; and it's a liberation. The audience doesn't have to watch the characters drag their feet through all those boring, unconvincing motions that used to get them into tricky situations: they start in them and go on to the next.

But even with wit and frenzied invention, how is comic-strip action to hold an audience for a couple hours – unless the material is somehow deepened and organized dramatically? And that, of course, would destroy the comic-strip simplicity. The demand for one-dimensional entertainment that can fill and sustain an evening is almost impossible to satisfy. But if the Bond pictures and the imitations like *Our Man Flint* and *The Silencers*, or the Richard Lester comic-strip *Help!* are caught in an aesthetic trap, they are nevertheless lucky because the audience is disposed, by the nature of the entertainment, to accept the brief periods of inaction and the sequences that misfire. It isn't as if the movie laboriously built up to something for an hour: there's always another episode coming up that may be better and even if it isn't, what the hell? It's just a comic-strip, anyway.

It's the non-comic-strip movies that are caught in a more serious aesthetic trap which may turn into a box-office problem. The disproportion between the scale of the huge productions and the little that actually goes on in the movies is so staggering that it's not unusual these days to hear people in the lobbies at intermission and afterward saying "I don't get it." They can't comprehend that there isn't any more going on in the movie: they think they must be missing something.

And it really is hard to believe that a twelve-million-dollar movie like Robert Wise's *The Sand Pebbles* (Twentieth Century-Fox) which has involved thousands of people in years of labor for the almost incredible task of recreating ports and waterfronts and villages of China in 1926, is not about anything more than an American sailor (Steve McQueen) who loves engines, and a schoolgirlish American teacher (Candice Bergen) with vague desires for adventure and good work. It's no wonder that Bosley Crowther, searching like the people in the lobby for what he was missing, came up with: "it is not as historical romance that it is likely to grab the audience, but as a weird sort of hint of what has happened and is happening in Vietnam." This weird hint is just that "trying to say something" which so many Hollywood liberals pride themselves on – though what they say is so vague and confused, it's worse than nothing. This movie is just an old-fashioned action-adventure tale, and if it had been done twenty years ago, it would have been fast and unpretentious, with some ingeniously faked background shots, or even stock footage, and we would have concentrated our attention on the good moments (like McQueen teaching the Chinese boy about the gunboat engine, or the terrifying instant when McQueen's ax changes from useful implement to

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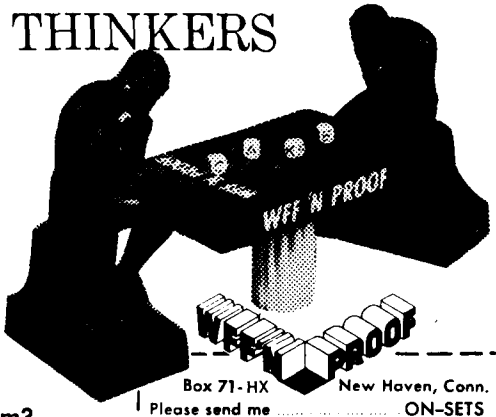

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lethal weapon) and we would never have asked for larger historical meanings. We probably wouldn't even have looked for deeper characterizations or better acting because we had learned not to expect much from the action genre – although I think even in a modest little adventure melodrama we would have been puzzled by such fumbling exposition. But when a movie is this big (and over three hours long) we sit there thinking, "What's it all for?"

A movie this big is like a mountain to be climbed or, rather, a new chasm to be peered into. I suppose people will go just because it's *there;* I can't think of any other reason for going to see *The Sand Pebbles.* But the disproportion between movie technology and the small pleasures to be derived from the films themselves is beginning to make movie-going a crushing experience.

After the first few minutes of *Grand Prix* (MGM), my companion leaned over and said, "Now you know what it's like to be run over." Saul Bass had got hold of heavy tires and Cinerama: you don't go to this movie, it comes after you. And you're not rid of Bass after the titles, he keeps coming back with montages – little World's Fair-type documentaries, simple-minded and square, that pad out the three hours. The story of this John Frankenheimer racing-car picture is the same old story with the same types we've seen flying planes and horse-racing in dozens of cheap, fast, hour-and-a-quarter movies, and there's even the same kind of cheap, old plot construction that tells us that Yves Montand is going to die in a race (he has to because his bitch of a wife has just informed us she'll never give him a divorce and we know that Eva Marie Saint who loves him is a high-type lady who just can't go on with him . . . like this). The crashes are the best things in the movie, they're really gorgeous, so we don't mind losing a few of the actors, though the picture could more easily have spared James Garner who seems to be taking the whole thing much too seriously, and Miss Saint who is as flat and anxious as a mother in a soap-opera.

Though there were lots of women in the audience dozing, I stayed awake

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and began to enjoy the same sort of silly terrible things that I used to enjoy at bad movies – like Toshiro Mifune who seemed to have a mechancial English voice that needed cranking, and Françoise Hardy who seemed to have wandered in from another picture that was probably more fun, and Brian Bedford who should stay all bandaged-up because he has a suffering charm, and Jessica Walter with her Sydney Guilaroff hair that is now, at last, done by Sydney Guilaroff, and Rachel Kempson with her excruciating English mother bit-between-her-teeth, and Genevieve Page curling her upper lip in the role of, honest, "Monique Delvaux Sarti." But there's so much plain and fancy hard work involved in a production like *Grand Prix* that it begins to seem almost cruelly flippant to watch it for the same reasons we'd watch a lousy old movie on television.

The screen is too big for the muddling-through little-spy heroes of *Funeral in Berlin* (Paramount) and *The Quiller Memorandum* (Twentieth Century-Fox). The city of Berlin dominates the movies – and not for travelogue purposes and not for atmosphere either but just because the directors had to put *something* on the big wide screens. And the technology that keeps providing panoramic city-scapes is oddly out of scale with the fabricated plots which keep collapsing and are propped up with moralistic lessons about the Nazis or neo-Nazis. When a picture can't make it on its own, the producers pull in a "controversial" message – the way a couple whose marriage is falling apart decide to have a baby.

In *Funeral in Berlin*, which is the more entertaining of the two, Michael Caine is Harry Palmer (of *The Ipcress File*) again but this time he is supposed to gain new humanity when he sees that the Israeli agents really believe in principles. But about the only thing that made Palmer amusing was his shabby small-time "professional's" indifference to the larger stakes: improve his character and you take away the only character he had.

In *The Quiller Memorandum* George Segal is the agent trying to locate the headquarters of the neo-Nazis, and, competent and personable actor though he is, it's rather embarrassing to see him the star of a movie in which the assorted spies include Alec Guinness and Max Von Sydow. Even the actors are too big for their purposes here: their talents are out of scale with their roles. Von Sydow is reduced to cracking his knuckles for "characterization."

Both Guy Hamilton who directed *Funeral in Berlin* and Michael Anderson who directed *The Quiller Memorandum* were once assistants to Carol Reed, and if it's hard to tell their movies apart, maybe it's because both directors imitate Reed's Vienna-set *The Third Man* and his Berlin movie *The Man Between* (which are clearer in my memory – sharper in outline and in detail – than these movies I saw last week). In Reed's postwar cities, war had changed the survivors, had made them different: they were tired, ravaged opportunists who no longer felt or thought like you and me. So the city was a nightmare city and the simple American (Joseph Cotten in *The Third Man*) or the fresh English girl (Claire Bloom in *The Man Between*) who stumbled into it was like a tourist in Hell. The intrigues (especially in Graham Greene's script for *The Third Man*) were part of the living rot of postwar corruption, and the melancholy twang of the zither brought evil seductively close.

Hamilton and Anderson show us so much of the impersonal, prosperous modern Berlin that we get the idea that they mean to tell us something about rot under the glitter, though Berlin in their movies looks like pretty pictures of the prettier parts of New York and could as easily be the setting of a comedy. If it's supposed to be sinister just because it's so bland, they could signal us somehow: that's what movie-making is all about. Reed in the forties would have given more meaning to the atmosphere in the first half-dozen establishing shots than they do in two hours. The point is, he had a reason to be quick and economic: if they were, they'd have nothing left to put on the screen. *The Third Man* was disturbingly ambivalent: Greene and Reed made the ruins fascinating and evil attractively baroque, and Orson Welles' sly, puffy, shameless Harry Lime had more life in him than a movie "good" man ever has. These two new thrillers might have been written by the character Joseph Cotten played in

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The Third Man – Holly Martins who turned out pulp westerns – though *Quiller* was actually scripted by Harold Pinter. It doesn't have a shred of plausibility, its clichés are not freshened by any original touches, it hasn't a memorable character or a witty line, and yet in some preposterous way it *is* literate. The literacy begins to seem just another expensive element of the empty technology – like Robert Bolt's literacy in *Dr. Zhivago*.

Somebody will probably break through by using disproportion purposefully, or maybe it will accidentally result in some new effects that will cause a breakthrough. Right now going to big movies is like asking for a shot of bourbon and having Niagara come down on your head. You're stoned without ever getting high.

PAULINE KAEL

Correspondence

Lay on, MacDuk

Sirs:

I don't want to quibble, but Preston Duk's otherwise persuasive analysis ("The Rattle and the Snake," Dec. 24) is marred by a dubious correlation between the seating of Julian Bond in the Georgia Assembly and the acquittal of Dr. Sheppard in Ohio. There is little reason to link the two events. But there is an unfortunate predilection of some Chinese Americologists to find chinks in every wall of US policy. Dr. Duk is too fine a scholar to fall prey to official "conspiracy theories" put forth by politicians.

John T. Plender
University of California
Davis, Calif.

The New Republic is to be commended for its publication of "The Rattle and the Snake." At a time when communication between the United States and China is virtually non-existent, all efforts to provide us with an insight into Chinese thought are of the utmost importance. From the perspective of one engaged in the study of affairs internal to the Chinese mainland, it is especially illuminating to have an opportunity to examine Chinese perceptions of events in the United States.

I can readily understand your decision to omit any explanation of the manner in which you obtained a copy of Dr. Duk's analysis, but let me express the hope that you will see fit in the future again to make such material available to your readers as it comes into your possession.

Grant Swinger, Director
The Breakthrough Institute
Washington, D. C.

On page 23 in the issue of December 24, 1966, there is a note about a Professor Duk, saying he "was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., of a Confucian missionary father and a native (caucasoid) mother." That, it seems to me, is about like saying "my father was an Episcopalian, and my mother was Belgian."

Are we to assume that the Confucian missionary father was an Oriental – then how come Pittsburgh? And the mother a native – native of what? We are all natives of something. On top of it she was a "caucasoid." What is that? It is not in the dictionary. I know what a mongoloid is.

Would you kindly explain?

Victor Volmar
New York, N. Y.

Presenting Professor Duk's article without clarifying commentary must have left many readers mystified. The article is disconnected and wanders, possibly from poor excerpting. Words such as dynasty and numerous qualifiers make one think it is also a poor translation. Finally, Professor Duk is either an unexcelled satirist or an incompetent analyst, and to know which, one would have to have some acquaintance with his other works as well as his reputation. If one reads the article allegorically it is marvelous; if read literally, it is ridiculous.

Who did the excerpting and translating and what is Professor Duk's reputation?

Richard L. Norgaard
University of Southern California

In reply:

As it so happens, my mother was Belgian *and* Episcopalian, until she was converted to Confucianism by my father, who was something of an Oriental. The conversion took place in Mom's sophomore year at Beaver College, Beaver Falls, Pa., and it is all recounted in my little autobiography, *Tall Grow the Bamboos* (1960).

Director Swinger himself is widely read in Americological circles in Shanghai, and I am glad to have his comments. He need not suspect the means of sending manuscripts to Western lands. The article was carried to Cambodia by the Foods Editor of Jen-min Jih Pao, and thence to Saigon where he is engaged in reportage (he was given an exit visa by the Chinese government). There is nothing at all clandestine about the operation.

Finally, I am perfectly able and willing to quibble if need be, but Dr. Plender ought to know better than to see only surface events and ignore underlying causations. False consciousness is not restricted to those on one side of the Dollar Curtain. And as for Mr. Norgaard's remarks on my stylings, I shall not demean him nor I by answering them.

Preston Duk

Desegregated Housing

Sirs:

Professors Piven and Cloward appear to have overlooked some significant history in their "Desegregated Housing: Who Pays for the Reformers' Ideal" (December 17, 1966). They suggest that if only "liberals" and "reformers" would forego their demands for racial integration, we could get on with the job of improving living conditions in the ghettoes. This is ex-

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actly the strategy adopted by reformers at the beginning of the landmark legislation on this problem – the Housing Act of 1949. Then it was the conservatives opposed to any kind of public housing who sought to defeat this legislation by inserting an amendment forbidding racial discrimination. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois helped defeat this amendment by appealing to his liberal colleagues: "I am ready to appeal to history . . . that it is in the best interests of the Negro race that we carry through the housing program as planned, rather than put in the bill an amendment which will inevitably defeat it. . . ."

In my opinion, Piven and Cloward have failed to focus on the *real* problems – the fact that Americans, both the citizens and their Congress, have not yet begun to face realistically the problems of their cities, or, for that matter, those of race.

Richard M. Dalfiume
University of Wisconsin

I've been bemused by the extent to which numbers of my "liberal" friends and associates are becoming enamored of polishing up the ghetto. They are saddened that the fight for "open housing" has chased "others" to the suburbs and pushed Negroes into worse and worse housing in larger and larger ghettos. They fear that their pursuit of "desegregation" has even helped defeat governmental aid for subsidized housing. They now regretfully counsel that we abandon the struggle for the free exercise of property rights in a market rigidly controlled by the real estate and lending fraternity and center, instead, upon improvement of the shelter of the poor colored people in ghettos.

Having started out with Nathan Straus and Robert Weaver in the pioneering United States Housing Authority, I am very much bemused by this alleged thunderous response to the pale bleatings through the years of a meager flock of "reformers." . . . The ghettoization of Negroes is the inevitable result of traditional racist-oriented forces which have never been significantly understood, much less challenged, by "reformers."

Furthermore, practically all the housing additions available to poor colored families through the past twenty-five years – publicly-aided or not – have been either in the ghetto or adjacent to it, with and without any "agitation" by reformers. Practically all recently announced large-scale slum rehabilitation or "model city" programs are aimed at refurbishing the ghetto and revitalizing its people. But housers know, if reformers have forgotten, that *ghetto* and *congestion* are practically synonymous. Unless we mean to use sky-hooks or molehills, we cannot really attack the ghetto except by opening up living space for the overflow, in both town and suburbs. So even to achieve ghetto-polishing, the voice of the reformers should continue to be heard throughout the land in behalf of the open housing market. . . .

Frank Horne
New York, N. Y.

Either reinforce and rebuild black ghettoes or build new ones. The white community will not feel threatened and will then give its tacit approval to proposals for better housing for low income groups. Thus everyone will be happy. So claims Frances Piven and Richard Cloward. . . .

It may be true that a housing project will get less opposition if it is built in an already sick black ghetto or that the Negro community might have a better chance for getting adequate housing codes, etc. if their more affluent members "know their place" and keep away from white neighborhoods. But even assuming that adequate housing can be built and maintained, while at the same time segregating its occupants from the cultural, economic and educational opportunities of the rest of the community, one must wonder if this price is worth paying.

The white majority is going to have to learn that benevolence based on insular security is probably as distasteful to slum dwellers as the slums themselves. . . .

Unfortunately the authors fail to explain just how integration is ever to come about. While asking reformers to "forfeit for a time the ideal of integration" they are silent as to how long a time of forfeiture is going to be required.

Since the evils of the ghetto can only be solved when the whole community realizes and faces the problem, it seems illogical to spend vast sums reinforcing ghettoes with the single aim of allowing the white majority to be comfortable in its complacency. No problem is solved by ignoring it.

Eugene M. Harrington
Texas Southern University

Overtaken by Events

Sirs:

It is quite logical that Sam Halper (December 24), should berate John B. Martin *(Overtaken by Events)* for evading the "ambivalence" in American policy (favoring "democratic revolution" but fearing Castroism), since there is no ambiguity in Halper's own defense of US intervention in the Dominican Republic. For Halper, the "great error" of the "justified" American invasion of April 1965 was the inadequacy of our intervention for the preceding 18 months. The April invasion was justifiable because of our natural parental right to intervene, plus the "reasonable chance" of a Red takeover of the revolt. But since communists and other radicals would invariably attach themselves to any movement for radical change that seriously threatened to put the words of the Alliance for Progress into action, and since instability and weak governments would inevitably result, it would be hard to imagine an upheaval in the Caribbean or South America that would not meet Halper's standard for American intervention. Halper does not like Tom Mann's style (he questions whether the April intervention was "honestly executed or politically aesthetic"); this may have led him to believe, falsely, that he disagrees with Tom Mann in substance.

Edward S. Herman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Kauffmann, *from page 26*

novel. On the other side are those who believe that such factors as realism, psychology, characterization – all of which in general they dub "anthropomorphism" – are finished in fiction, played out. Not to recognize this (they say) is simply to stuff new sociological and psychological case histories into old sacks; is to ignore the drastic and rapid changes in our outer and inner worlds that require new art forms – forms that fit, not ones that are patched and updated. This second group of critics believes strongly that, in the new art, the old dichotomy – or even symbiosis – of form and content is discarded; that form *becomes* content; that critical quests for meaning are sentimental relics of the 19th century; that new meanings of meaning must be found. For example, Roland Barthes wrote of Robbe-Grillet that, in the beginning, his intent was "to 'kill' meaning directly," but he claims that there is an evolution in this author's work that all of us share. "Robbe-Grillet's work then becomes the *ordeal of meaning* suffered by a certain society. . . ."

For myself, my sympathies are all with this second group of critics. They *ought* to be right. The world is changing so swiftly and continuously that it is no longer a cliché to say so (any more than it is a cliché to say that the sun rises in the morning). Altering moralities – at least, altering moral ambitions – theoretically demand an entirely new art; and theoretically it ought to be as impossible to write a recognizably traditional novel as it is to compose like Bach – for social and theological reasons.

But three factors operate against agreement with this second group. The first is that interesting and extremely relevant fiction is still being written in the "old" way; a few wildly disparate names that come immediately to mind are Walker Percy, Ingeborg Bachmann, Bernard Malamud, Henry de Montherlant, and Anthony Burgess. The second factor is that, even with all the receptivity and patience that one can muster, much of the new art does not live up to the criticism that is written about it. Indeed the artwork is often less stimulating and memorable than the criticism. The third point is that, among most "new" novelists, each author sooner or later finds a characteristic note or process, and then that is really about all he does find. Once that note is struck, there is not much that is rewarding in each new work by that author; it is simply one more example. It would be excessive to say that, for instance, none of Robbe-Grillet's novels is more rewarding than another; but (*pace* Barthes) it is not excessive to say that, in each of them, the *process* is the most important element and, alas, the most familiar. When we pick up our third or fourth Robbe-Grillet novel, the effect of that act is almost as cyclical as the cyclical effects *within* his novels.

Thus, as noted above, there is really nothing more to be said about this subject and these two novels demonstrate it. They are, fundamentally, two more instances of a theory to which one subscribes or not. My own intent in this matter is to remain as nonpartisan as the conditioning, perception, and age of any one individual will permit. I shall read whatever does not bore me or even (for a time) what does bore me, if boredom is part of an evidently gifted artist's purpose, as it often is with Beckett. No one can "prove" at this point that one side or the other in this critical dispute is right. Perhaps in a decade or so the "new" novel will be forgotten. It will certainly have been replaced by a different "new" novel; that is of its essence. But whether these new anti-anthropomorphic efforts will completely have displaced the traditional novel or whether they will simply have fed it in salutary ways, no one can now say. There is small point in arguing it any further. There is nothing to do but let writers write, readers read, and let time – which is sometimes just and sometimes stupid – decide.

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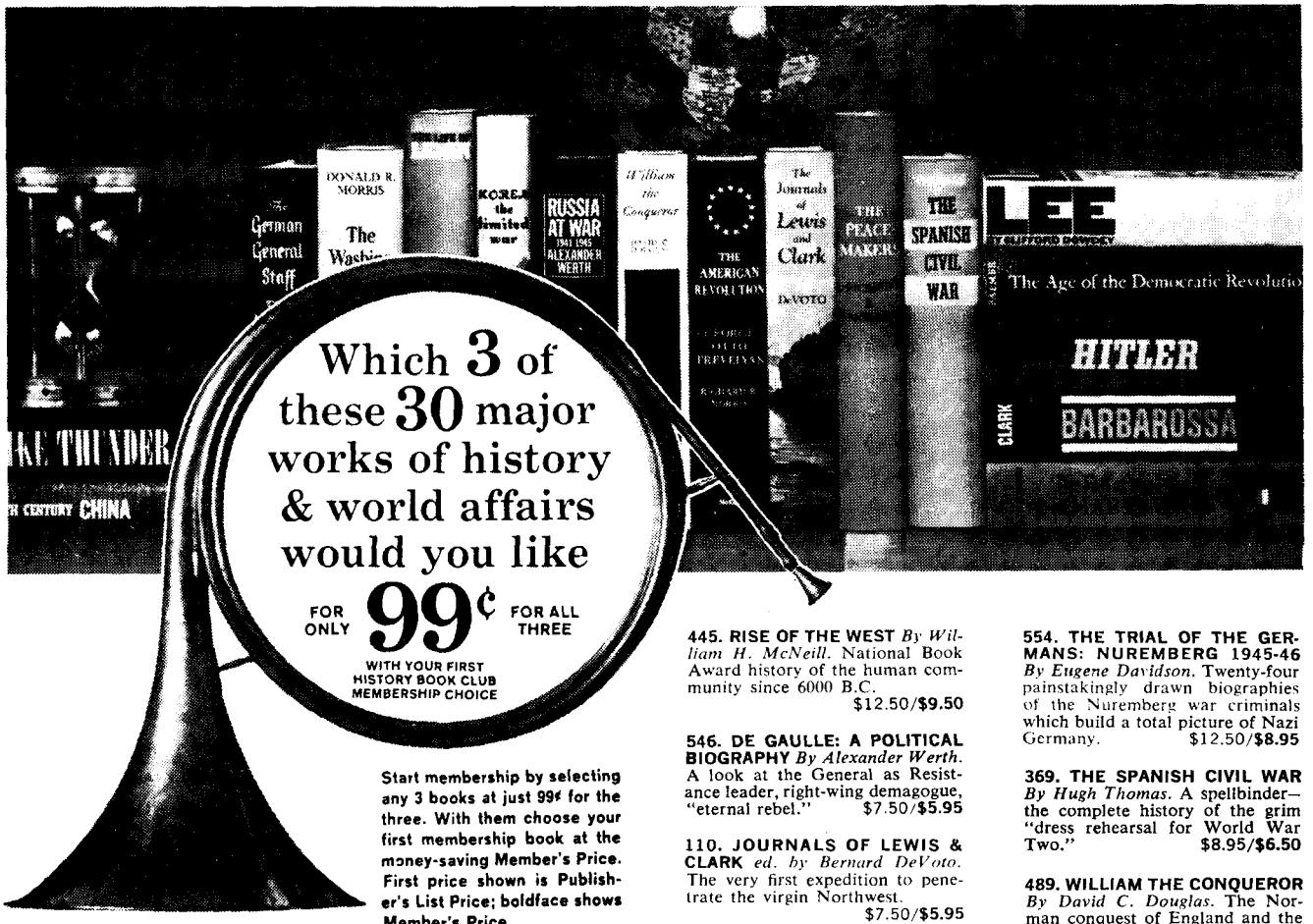

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